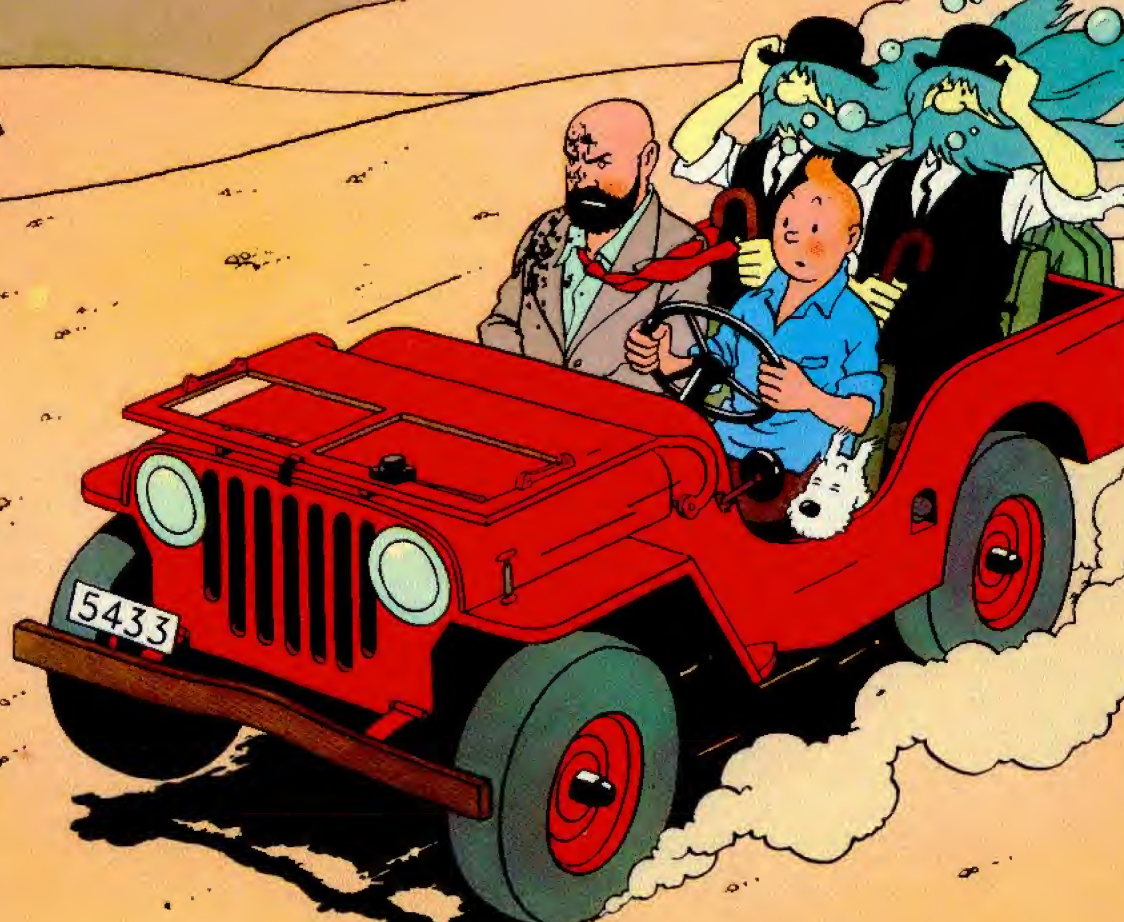


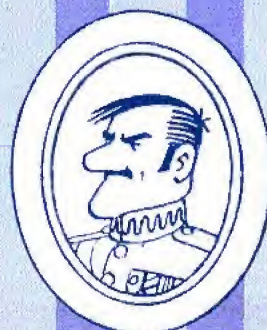
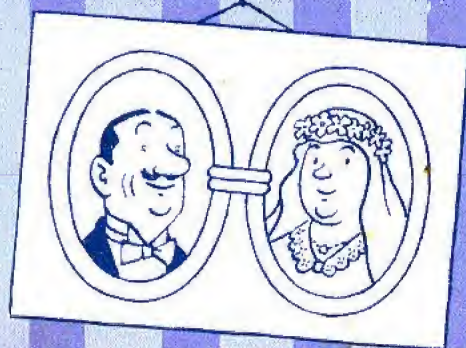
HERGE
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود







HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذَّهَبُ الْأَسْوَدُ

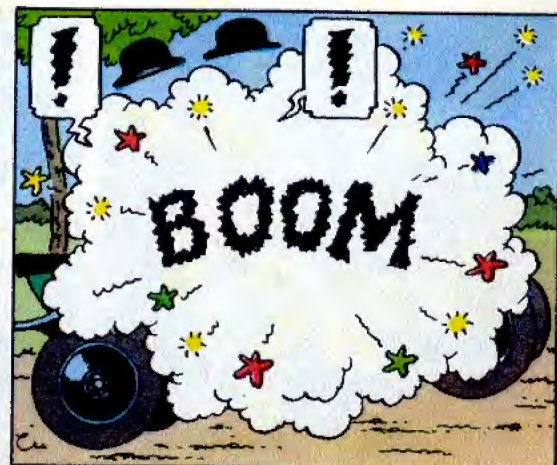
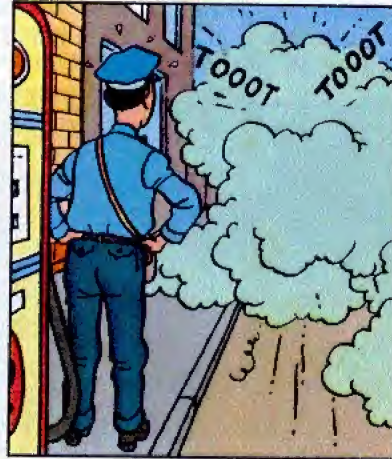
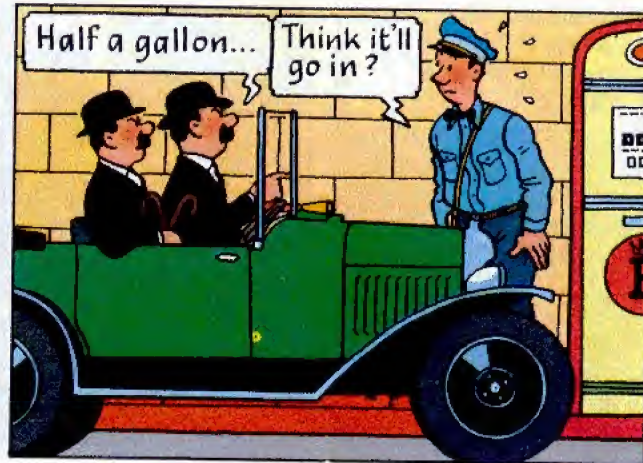


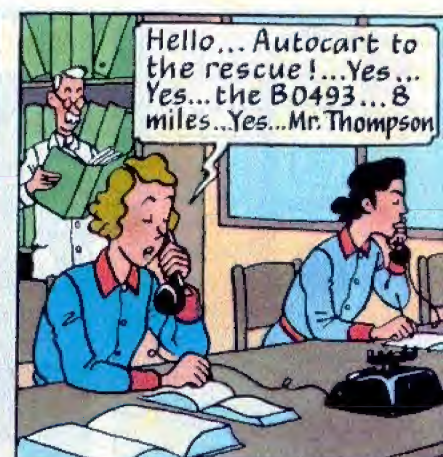
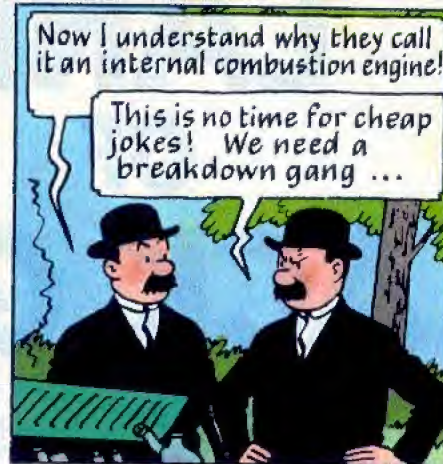
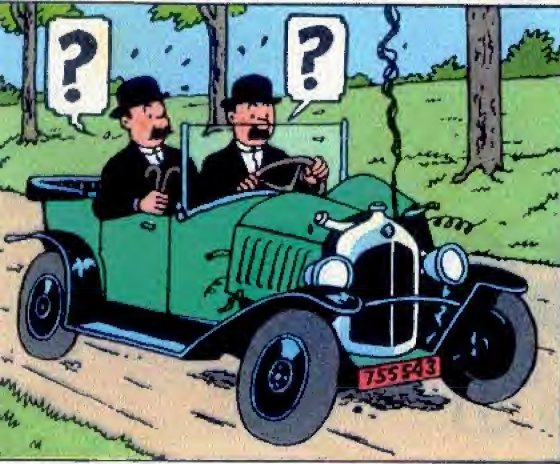
METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

LAND OF BLACK GOLD

الذهب الأسود





Next morning ...

"Crisis deepens - official"
"On the brink of war?"
"Are we prepared?" ...
"Call-up for army re-serve" ... "Forces on standby" ... Things look bright, I must say.



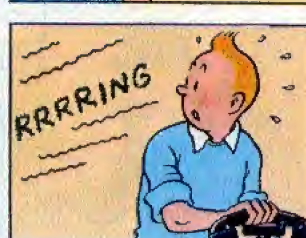
Yes... Tintin here... Oh, hello Captain... How are you? ... Any news?



I've just had Admiralty orders: "Captain Haddock. Immediate. Proceed to assume command of merchant vessel blank blank" (the name's secret, of course) "at blank, where you will receive further orders." So that's that... I've been mobilised! ... No, there won't be time to see you. I'm off right away... I'll keep in touch ... Bye, Tintin.



Goodbye, Captain, and good luck. Let's hope it's only a false alarm ...



Hello!

Good morning. What news?



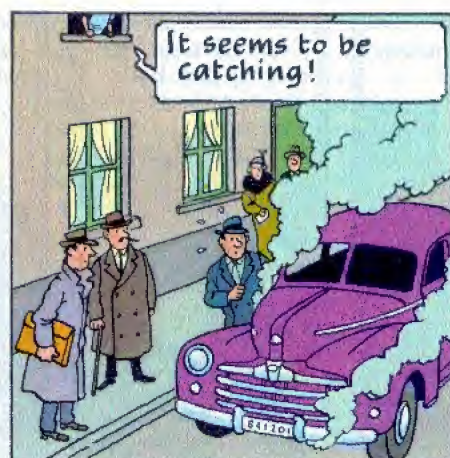
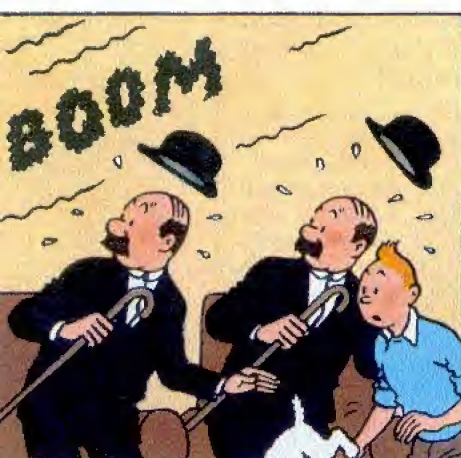
What news! Plenty! Something very odd has just happened!

To be precise ... we just happen to be very odd!

Really? Tell me about it. Come on in...



Well, we'd just filled up with petrol and were driving peacefully along, when all of a sudden, without a word of warning ... our car went ...

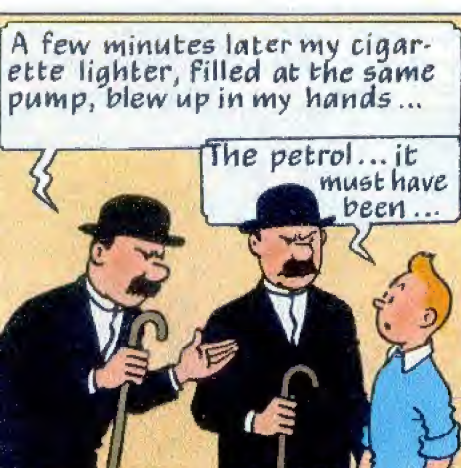


It seems to be catching!



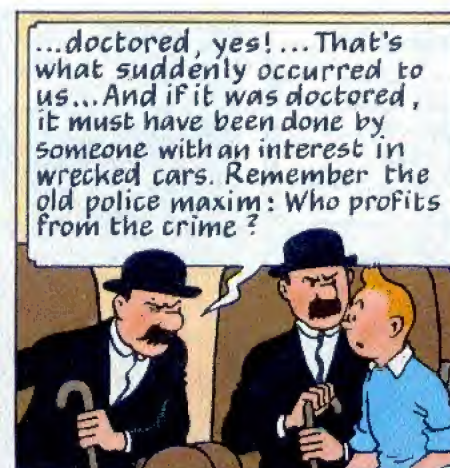
It certainly is... That's exactly what happened to us!

Yes. And that's not all...

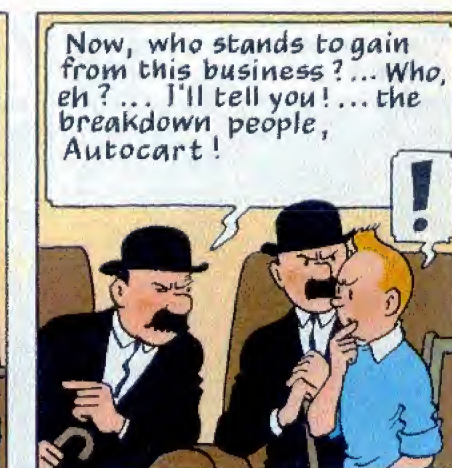


A few minutes later my cigarette lighter, filled at the same pump, blew up in my hands ...

The petrol... it must have been ...



...doctored, yes! ... That's what suddenly occurred to us... And if it was doctored, it must have been done by someone with an interest in wrecked cars. Remember the old police maxim: Who profits from the crime?



Now, who stands to gain from this business? ... Who, eh? ... I'll tell you! ... the breakdown people, Autocart!

No doubt about it : Autocart doctors the petrol. When the engine blows up, you send for a breakdown truck. And who do you call ? The people who do the most advertising : Autocart !

I suppose it's possible, but...



No buts ! It's a certainty !... We're taking up the case, and by this time next week we'll have enough evidence to arrest the entire board of directors.

Good luck to you !...

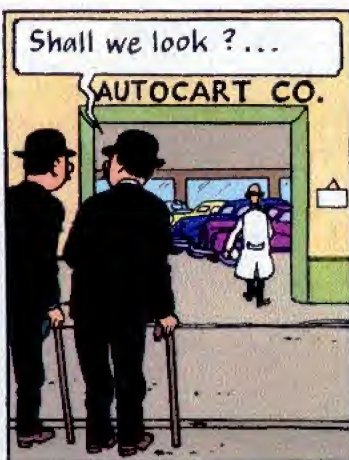


For a start, we'll take a snoop around the Autocart garage ...



Shall we look ? ...

AUTOCART CO.



WANTED
Good drivers with
mechanical experience
to man breakdown trucks
APPLY *Autocart*



Well, what do you think ?... It's a perfect cover... gives us a chance to see what goes on inside the place...

Good idea...



Next day ...

Now, you know what you're supposed to be doing ?

Certainly we do, sir !



I must say, I'm intrigued by this petrol business ...



I'd like to get to the bottom of it ...

You aren't starting another of your adventures are you ? Why don't we retire ?



The managing director, please

ENQUIRY

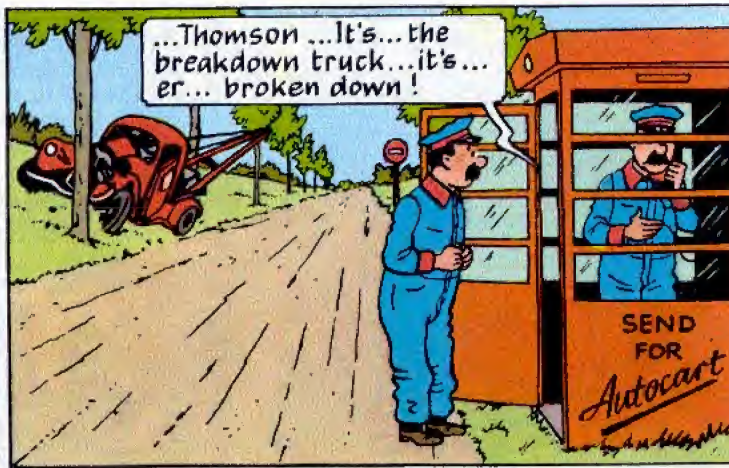


Meanwhile...

Hello ! Autocart to the rescue... Yes... Yes... B 0494 ... For Mr... ?



...Thomson ... It's... the breakdown truck... it's... er... broken down !



Would you like to comment, sir, on the situation created by the deterioration in petrol quality ...

Catastrophic!
The situation is catastrophic ...

Look! In two months, consumption has dropped by 65% ... And it's falling every day ... This very morning ...

SALES CHART

... the airline companies decided to suspend all services because of the dangers of fuel explosions in the air ... Oil shares have slumped to half their value ... the bottom's dropping out of the market ... It's a disaster! ... A catastrophe! ...

Even worse! What about the international situation? ... Supposing war comes ... breaks out tomorrow? ... Imagine what'll happen ... Ships ... planes ... tanks ... The armed forces completely immobilised! ... The mind boggles! ... Disaster!

What do you think has caused this sudden change in the petrol?

That's the question we'd all like to answer!
Nothing has changed at the oilfields, or in the refineries, so it has to be sabotage ...

We took samples at the wells, from storage depots, aboard the tankers, in the refineries, and we had them analysed ... Nothing! Absolutely nothing! Then we decided to treat the petrol itself, to prevent it exploding. Our top scientists are working night and day on the problem ... to find some way of ...

BOOM

?

?

Another car blowing up! ... Where was I? Oh yes ... My senior research officer says they are on the verge of success in our labs ... I'm expecting a call from him any moment now to say they've found the solution ...

That'll be him ... Do you mind? ...

No, of course ...

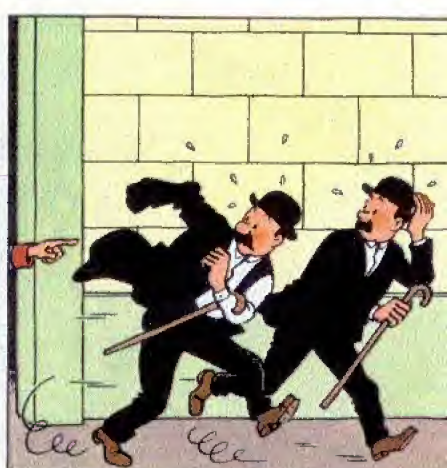
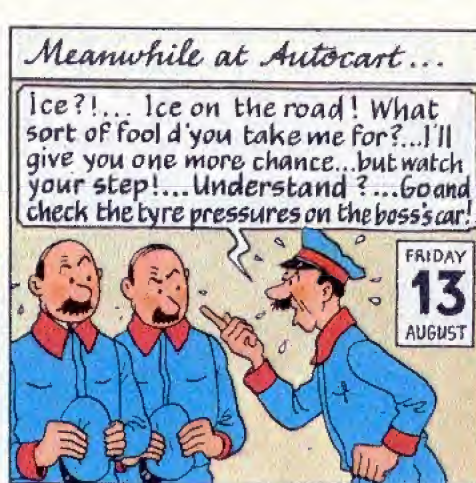
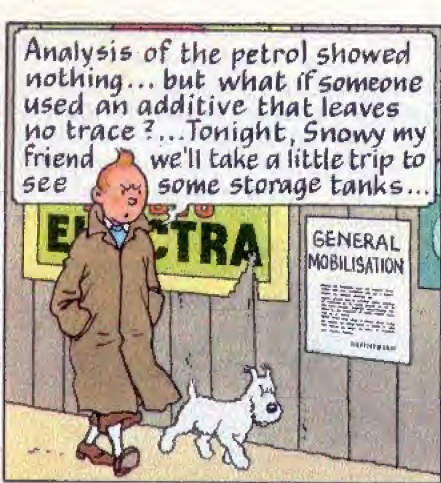
RRRING
RRRING

Yes? ... Well, you've got it? ... An answer? ... What? ... Nothing at all? ... Nothing? ... I see ... Well, it's a pity ... You'll just have to keep at it ...

SALES CH

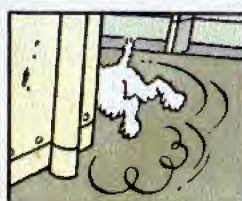
What? ... Should you go on with the research? Of course ... surely that's obvious ... Why bother to ask? ...

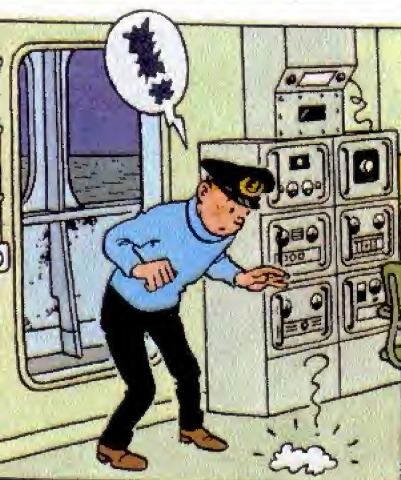
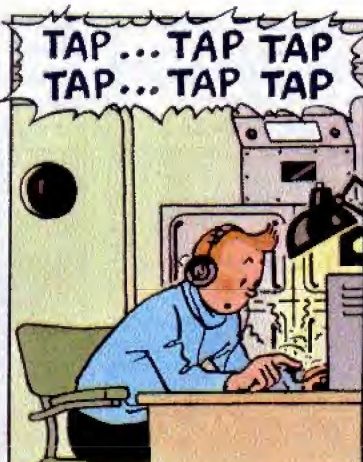
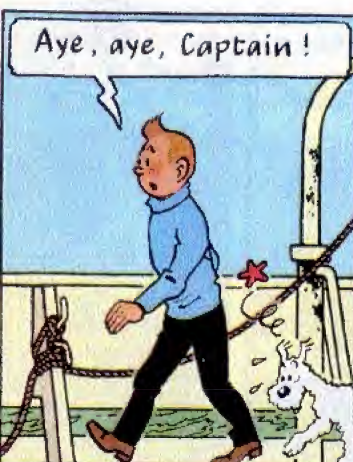
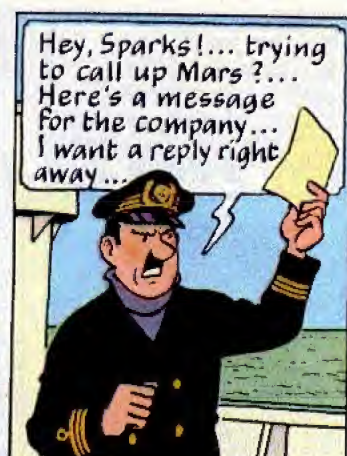
Because if we're to go on, sir, you'll have to consider building a new laboratory!

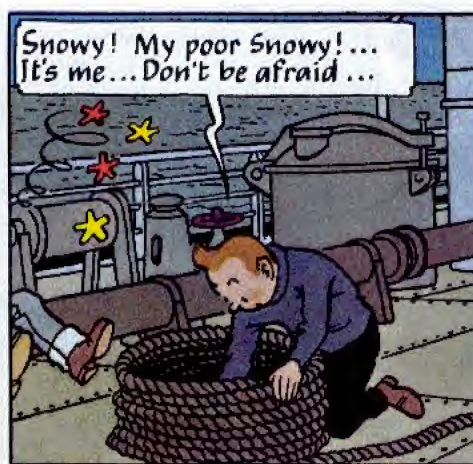


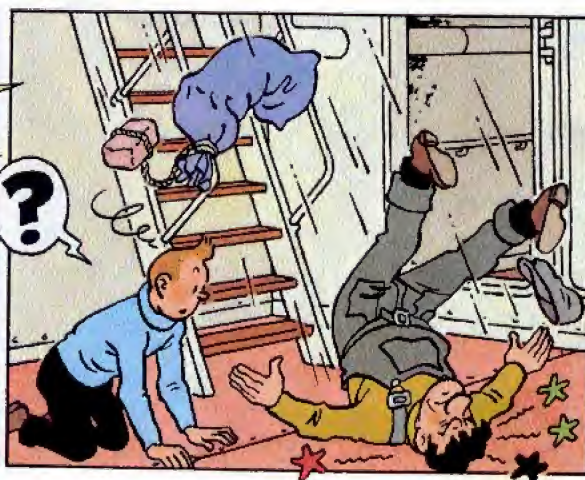
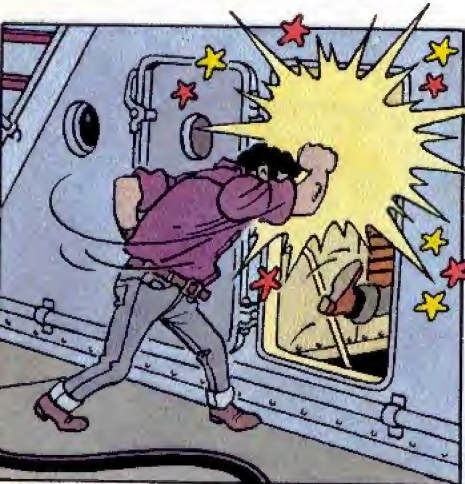


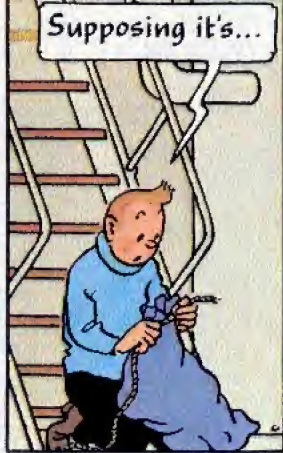
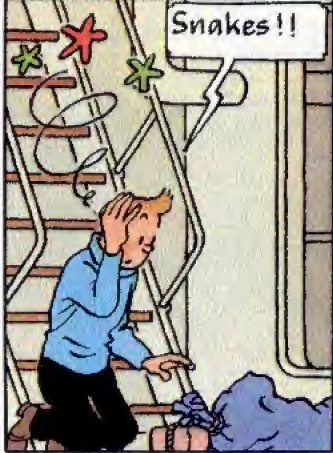


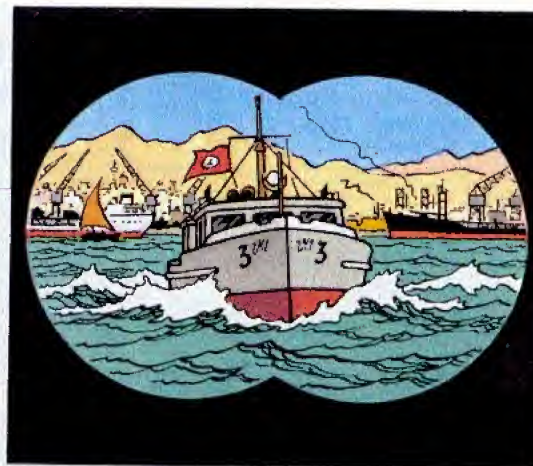
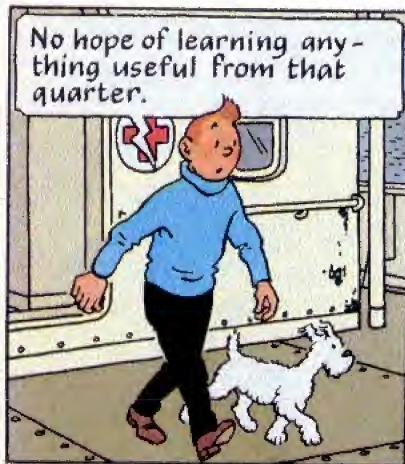
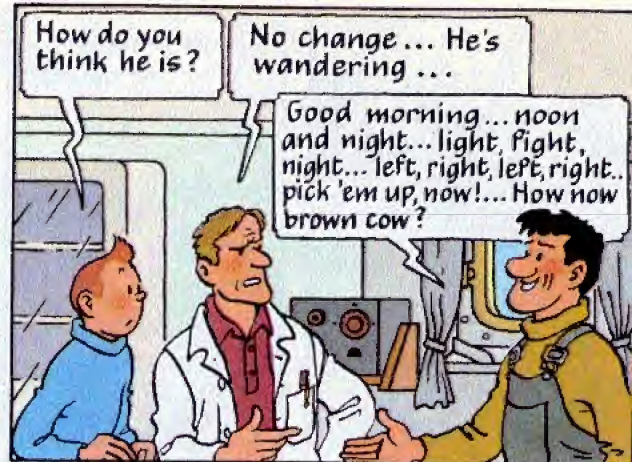
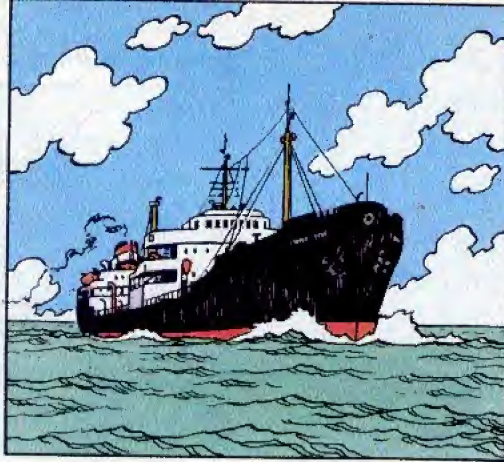














These papers were hidden in the radio officer's cabin, sergeant.

Let me see!



Aha! All very interesting... A shipment of arms to Sheik Bab El Ehr!

I assure you, sergeant, I ...



Keep your hands off! ... We're police officers! We'll see you pay for this!

To be precise : you'll see we pay for this!



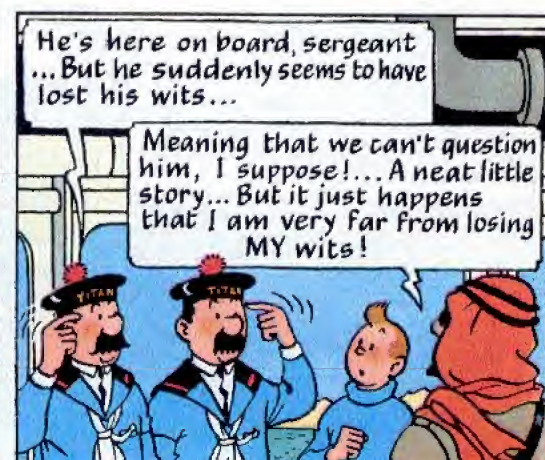
Heroin in their baggage, sir... And they're pretending to be police officers!

Indeed?



We were tricked, sergeant... An agent from Naval Intelligence gave us the package. He said it contained secret documents.

And where is this 'agent', eh ?



He's here on board, sergeant ... But he suddenly seems to have lost his wits...

Meaning that we can't question him, I suppose!... A neat little story... But it just happens that I am very far from losing MY wits!



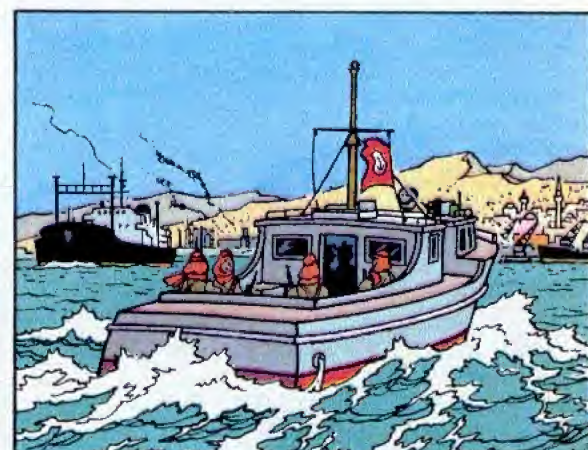
What a fool I've been! ... Another false trail!



All right, get these three bright boys into the launch. They'll be interrogated ashore.

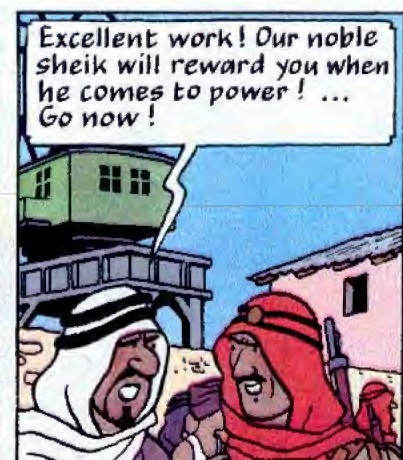
But...

I ...



Who've you got there ?

The two are just a couple of drug-smugglers, I think... But the young one has important documents to do with Bab El Ehr.



Excellent work! Our noble sheik will reward you when he comes to power! ... Go now!



Bab El Ehr must be informed!



That evening...

I have come from Khemikhal, noble master. There I received news: the emir's soldiers have arrested a young foreigner.

Well ?



One of the guards works for us. He said he'd found papers on the prisoner... papers referring to an important shipment of arms for you.

The young man shall escape and be brought here to me !

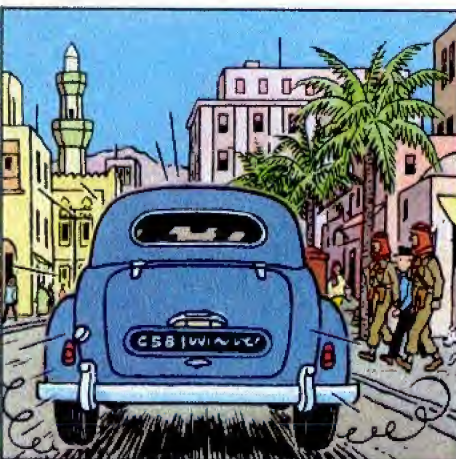


Next morning...

Come with me. You're going to the special security gaol. The secret police want you for questioning.



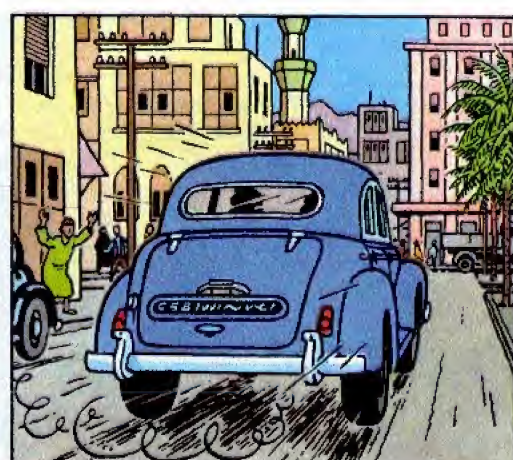
There they are, Mohammed! Put your foot down!



Over here!



Hurry!



Meanwhile...

We've checked your papers. They're in order. You can go.

Thank you. What about Tintin?

Your friend?... He was seized on his way here by Bab El Ehr's men.

Now we've got to find them... And that's a thankless job. They made the snatch, and vanished without trace. Still, there's a £5000 reward for anyone who leads us to the sheik's hideout.

Five thousand pounds! You needn't say that again!... By this time next week we'll bring you Bab El Ehr trussed like a turkey!

Very good! May Allah go with you!

Next morning...

Five thousand pounds reward!

Here is the young foreigner brought by your partisans, noble sheik.

Enter!

Greetings, and welcome, young stranger... Heaven will bless you for embracing our great cause... Now, when do the guns arrive?

What guns?

What guns? Our guns, our shipment of arms... You've brought news of their delivery: isn't that so?

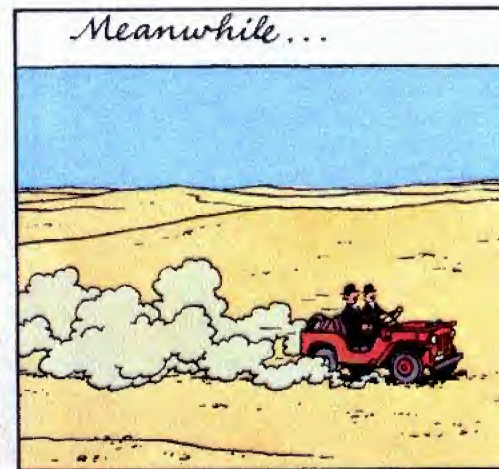
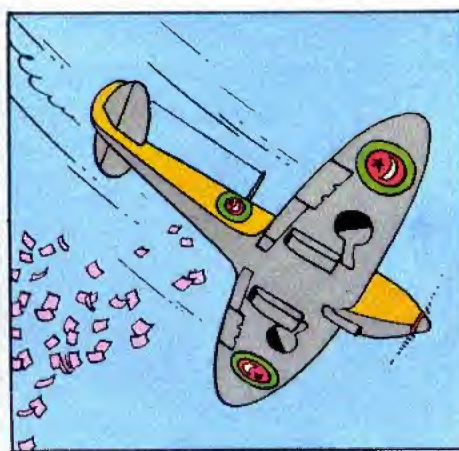
Me?... Not me, most noble sheik! ...

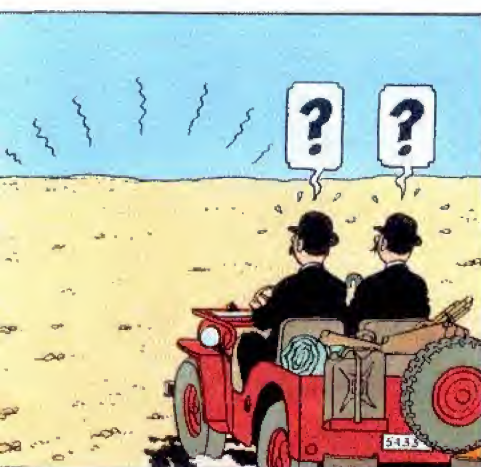
You lied to me, son of a mangy dog!

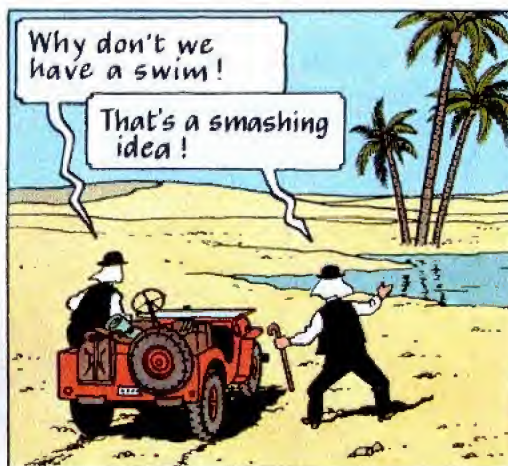
Oh, no! most powerful master... It was the guard who told me... I swear by Allah!

That's quite true, noble sheik. Some papers were found in my cabin... but they didn't belong to me... And I've no idea who put them there...

It's a trick... A miserable trick to discover my hideout... I suppose you think I'll let you go?... To run home and betray us to the police, those snivelling lap-dogs of Ben Kalish Ezab? ...Never! You stay here with us. You are my prisoner!







Meanwhile...

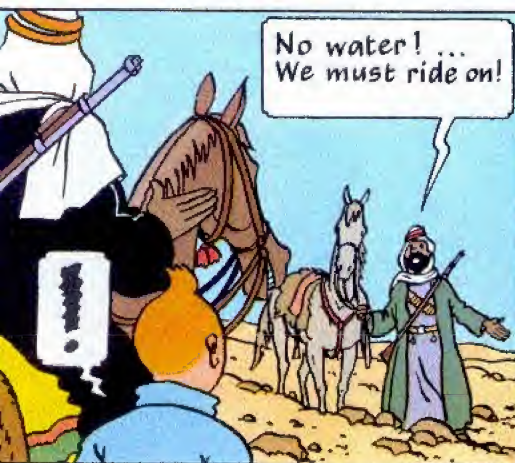
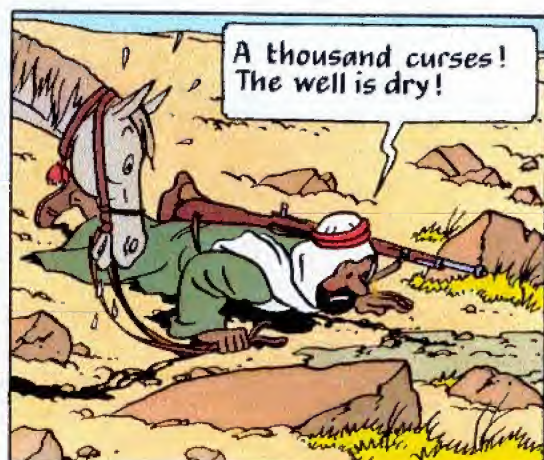


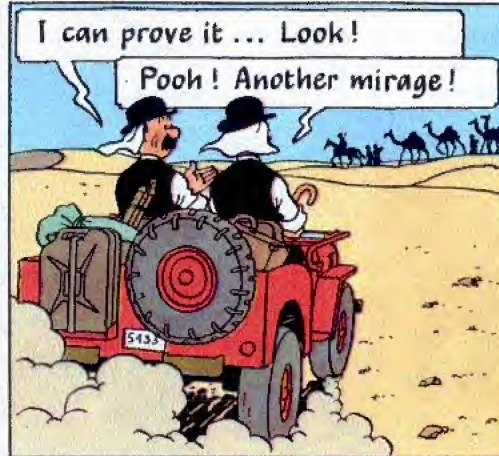
Allah be praised!... See! The well of Bir Kegg!

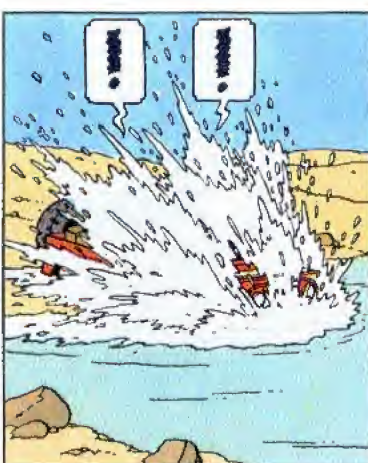
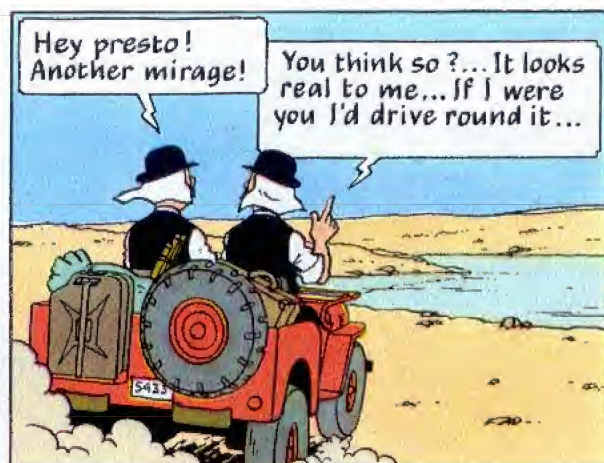
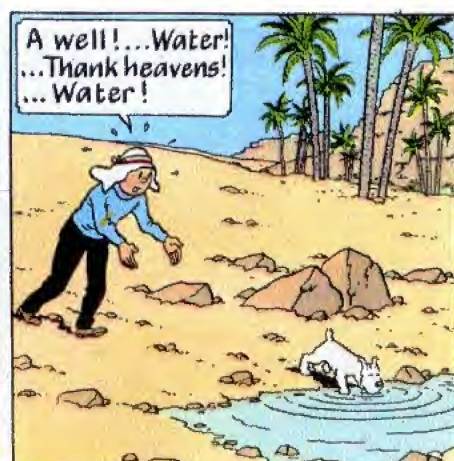
Indeed!

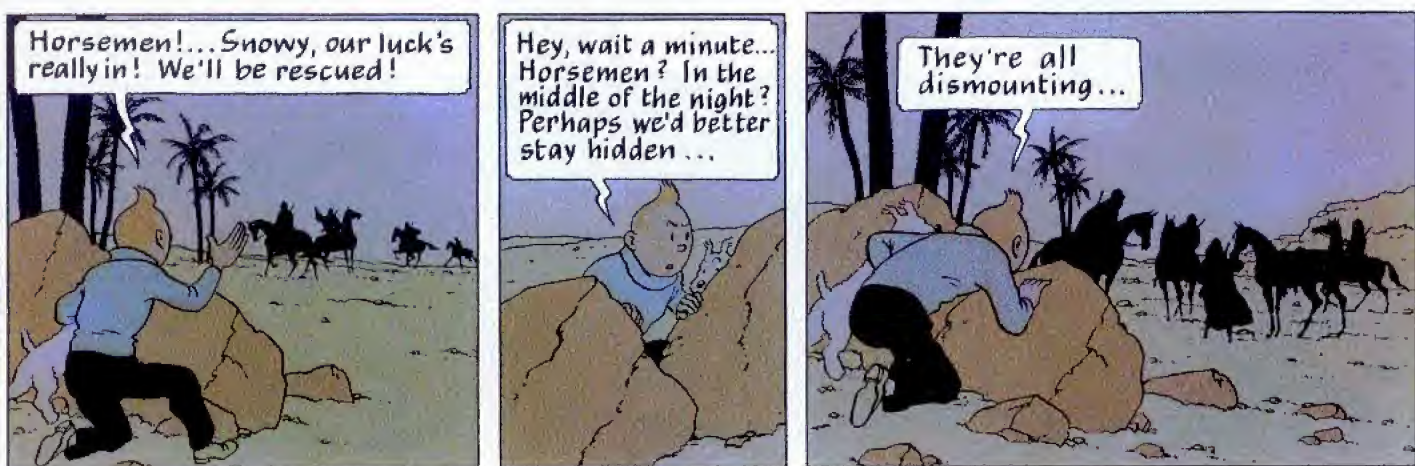
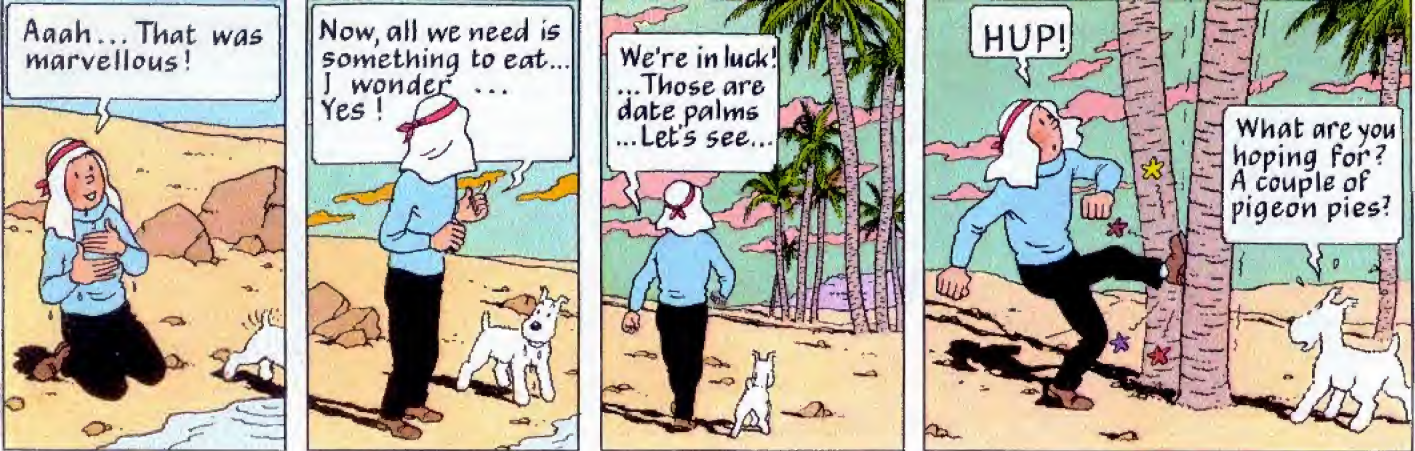


Water!... At last!... I'm dying of thirst...



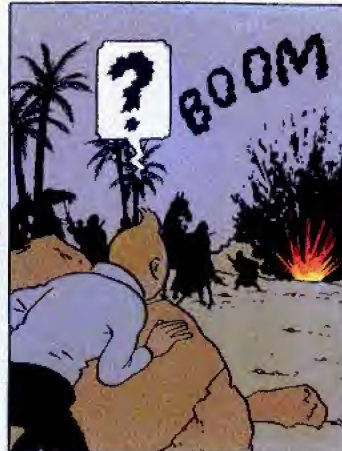








They're running back ...
I wonder if ...

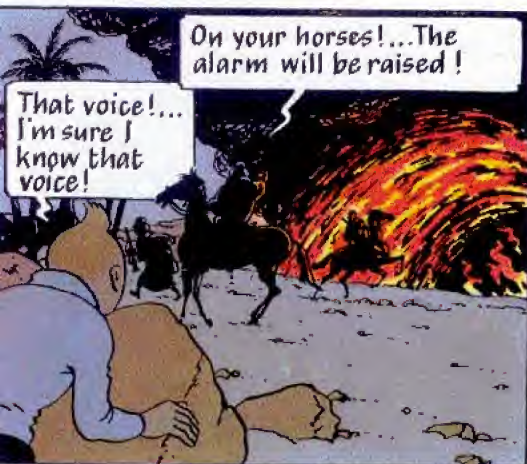


?

BOOM



Great snakes!
They've blown
up the pipe-
line!



On your horses! ... The
alarm will be raised!

That voice! ...
I'm sure I
know that
voice!



Hello, what's that
one doing?



Now I can see ... He's
fixing a stirrup or
something ...
Dare I ... ?



Come on, Snowy! ... It's
all or nothing!

Heigh-ho!
Now what's he
after?



Where's Ahmed? ...
He isn't with us ...



Ah, he's coming ... Ride on!



Meanwhile...

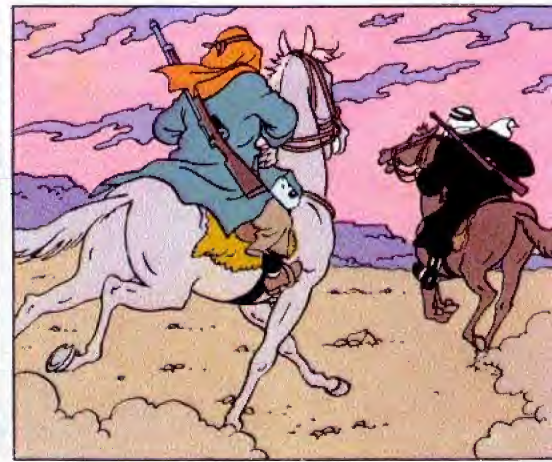
Hello... hello... pumping station twelve reporting total loss of pressure... pipe must be broken above this station... Please send a repair-gang immediately...

I must be mad... This is crazy... But it's too late now. I've taken a chance and can't turn back...

Hello... Hello... Pumping station eleven? ... Number one control here... Close all valves immediately... The pipe's fractured between you and number twelve... A repair-gang is on the way...



This is where we separate... It will confuse any pursuers... Ahmed will come with me...

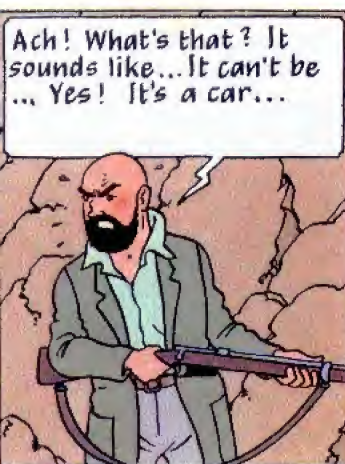
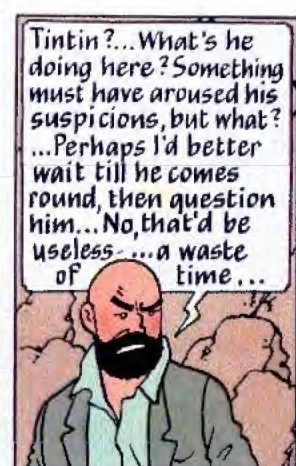
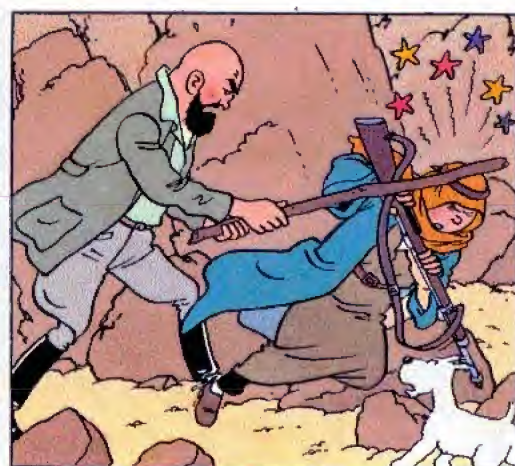
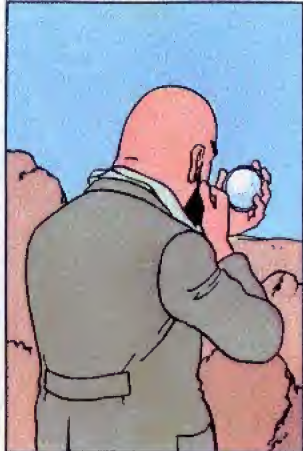


Where in the world have I heard that voice?

Whoa!

Hold my horse... Wait here... I'll be back in a moment...





The horses! If they spot the horses I'm done for!



What about Tintin?
...Kill him now?...
No, they'd hear the shot... Ach, he's out cold; there's plenty of time to deal with him later...



So, they've gone! That was a close thing...



Quick! I must take care of Tintin...! I was careless... I should have bashed his brains out with my rifle butt...



Teufel!



Just in time! BANG



Now what?... Any more?... No, it's all quiet: he's stopped shooting... Perhaps it's a trick...



Hey, what's that?... Galloping horses?... He can't have...



What's it all about?... What's that gangster Müller doing here?... And why should he want to wreck the pipeline?... When he had me at his mercy, why didn't he kill me?... I just don't have any of the answers.



Hello... I can't be mistaken... Let's take a closer look...



They're wheelmarks, Snowy... This really is a bit of luck!



Let's see... I'd say they were tyres on a jeep... The sand and pebbles were thrown back by the wheels, so it was travelling that way. We'll go in the same direction...



And we'll worry about our friend Müller later.



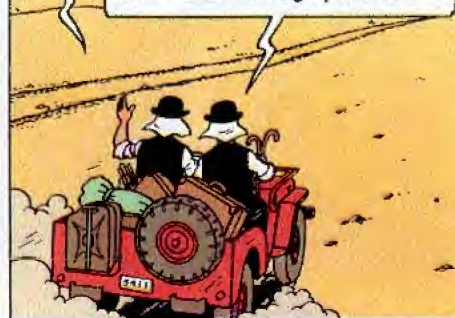
Meanwhile ...

I don't like it, Thomson ... If we don't get somewhere soon ...

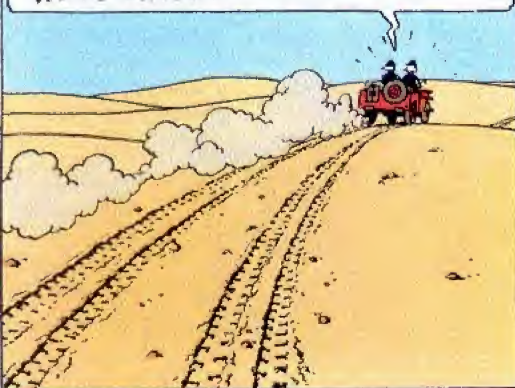


It's all right! ... Look! ... There! ... Tracks of a car!

Quite correct! And they aren't a mirage, either!

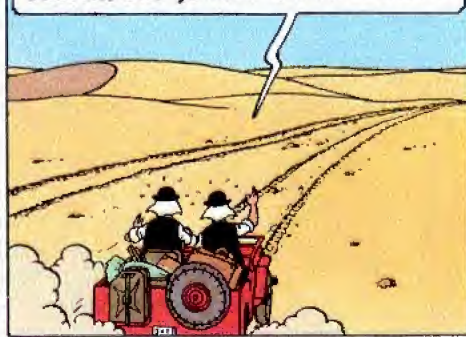


All we do is follow the tracks and we're saved!



An hour later ...

Hooray! ... More tracks! ... A second car joined the first one...



A real stroke of luck hitting this road.

To be precise: we've really had a stroke!



Another hour later...

There! ... A third car joined the other two! ... We're on a very busy road ...

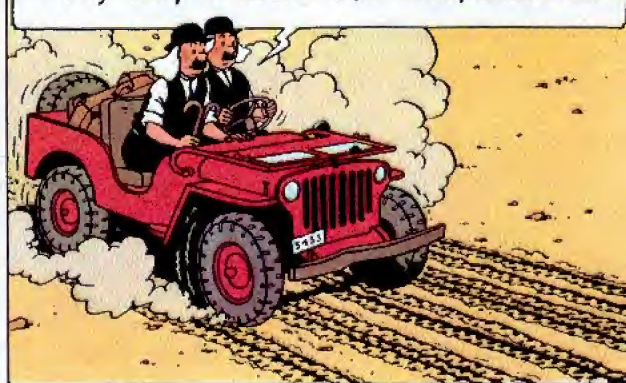


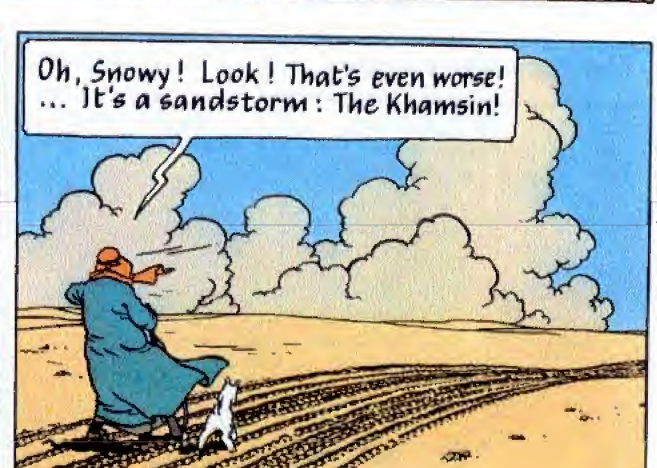
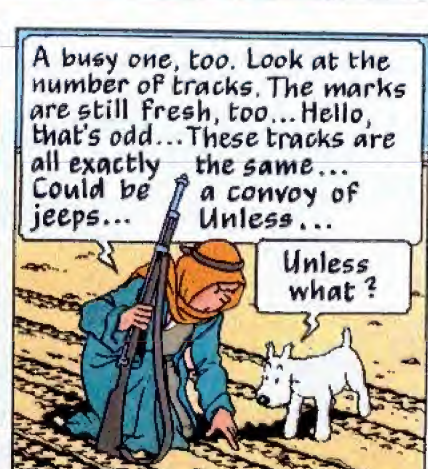
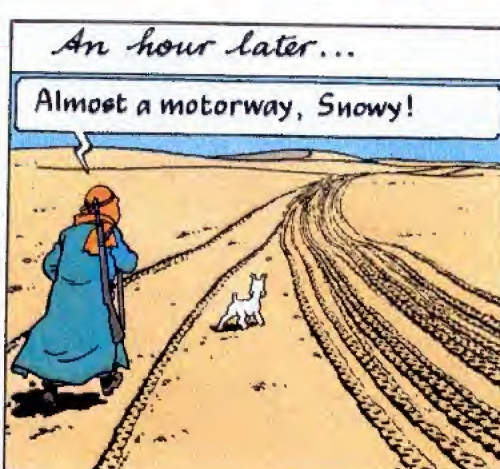
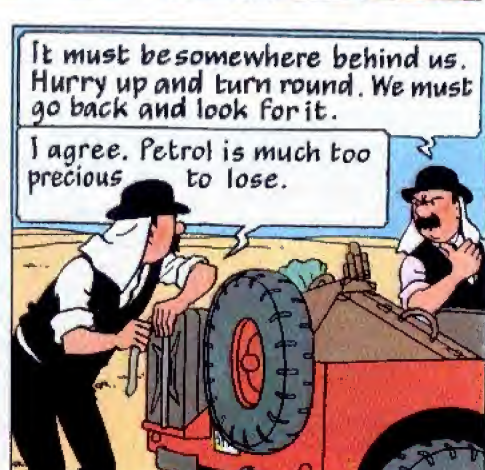
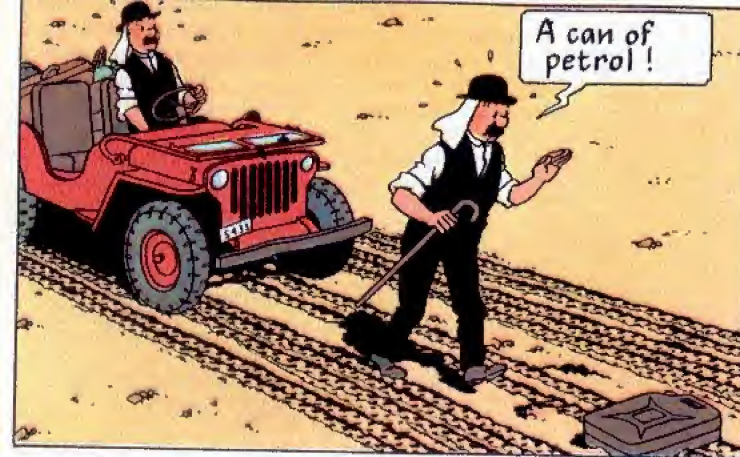
Several hours go by...

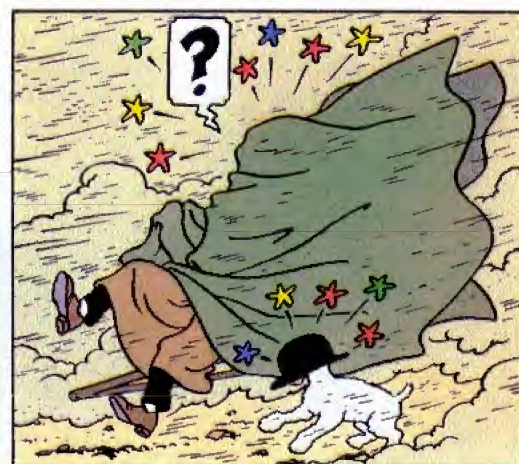
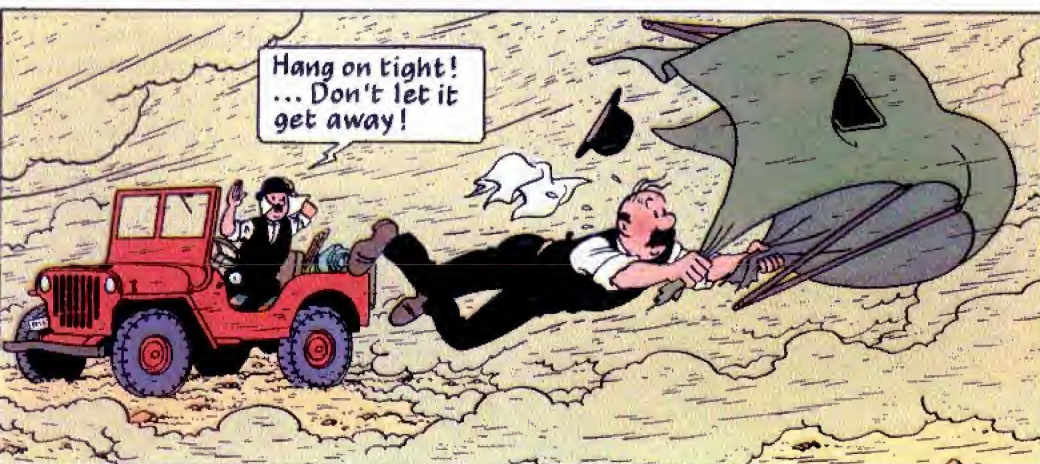
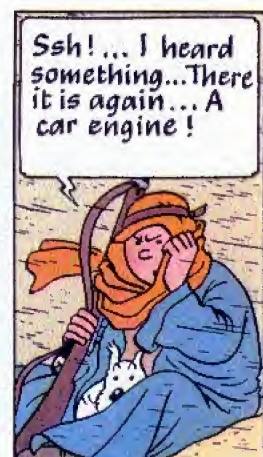
Another one! ... That makes the seventh.

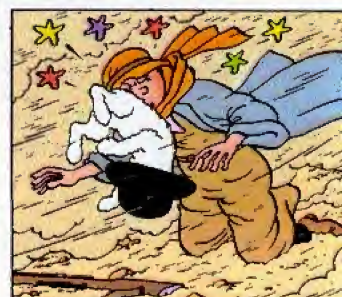


We're obviously getting near a big town and ... Hey! Stop! ... What's that there, ahead of us?









Good heavens! A bowler belonging to one of the Thompsons!...How can they possibly...? Surely they couldn't...?



Thomson!...Coo-ee!...Thompson!



Thomson!! Cooee!...It's me, Tintin!



...Ee...omson...Tin...in...



I say, did you hear anything? ...No?...I thought I heard someone over there, calling our name.

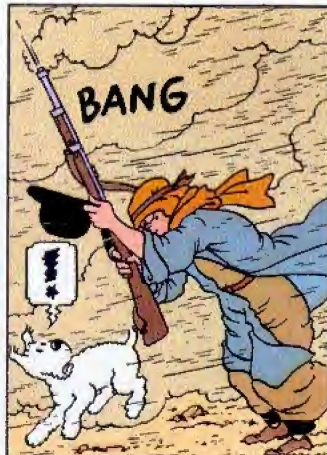
Come along, come along! It's just another mirage. Get in. We must move!



They've started the engine...They didn't hear me...



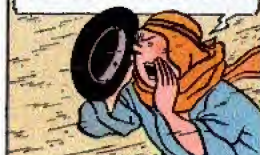
My gun!...A shot! They'll certainly hear that.



Hooray! They heard me! They've stopped again.

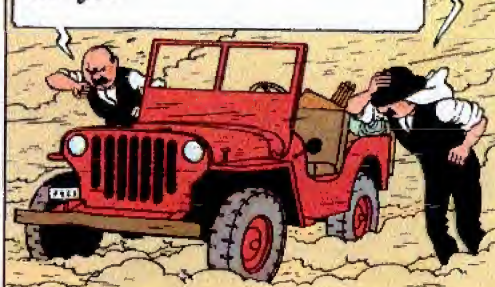


Cooee!...Thomson!



Nothing!...The tyres this side are quite all right. Funny: I was sure I heard a loud bang.

All well this side... Right: on we go!



COOEE!... THOMSON!



A mirage, my dear fellow... And not for the first time... I can't think why you're still taken in by them... Come along!

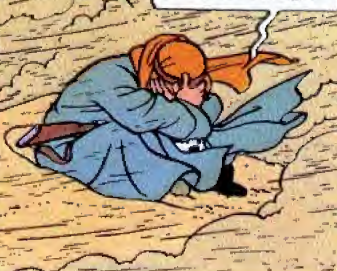


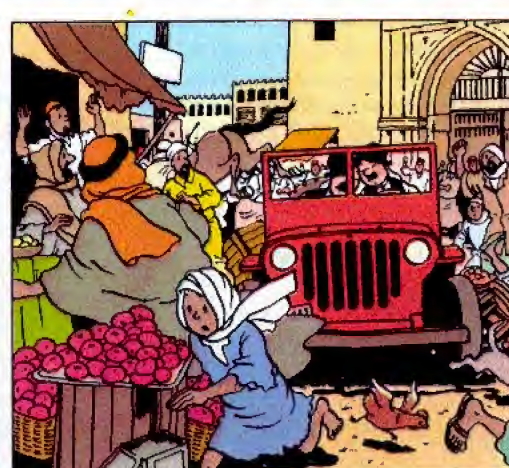
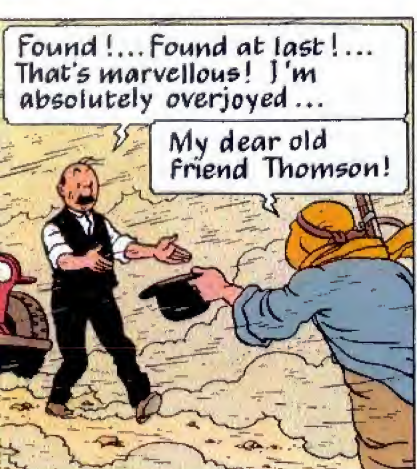
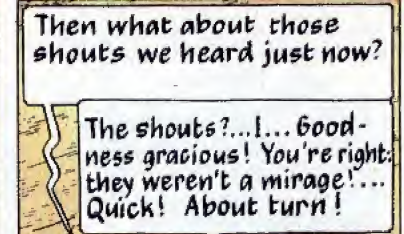
The sound of the engine is fading... Too late... They've gone...

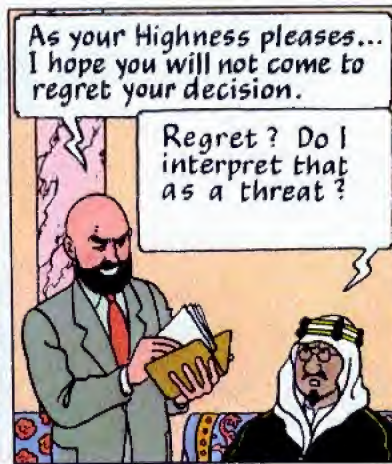
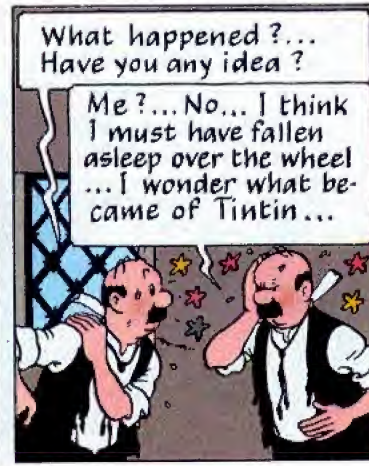
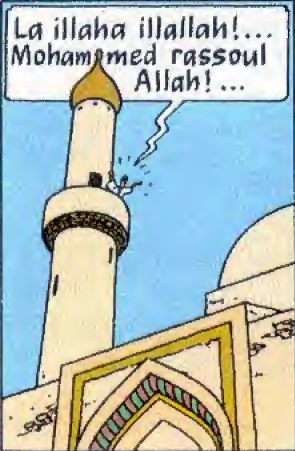


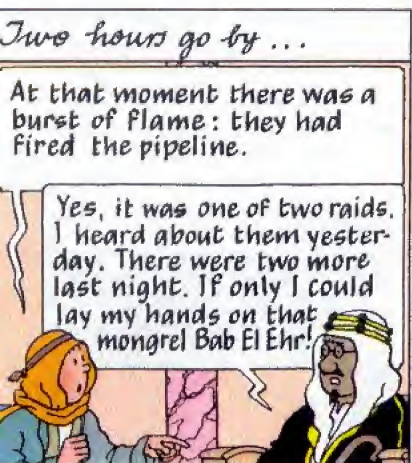
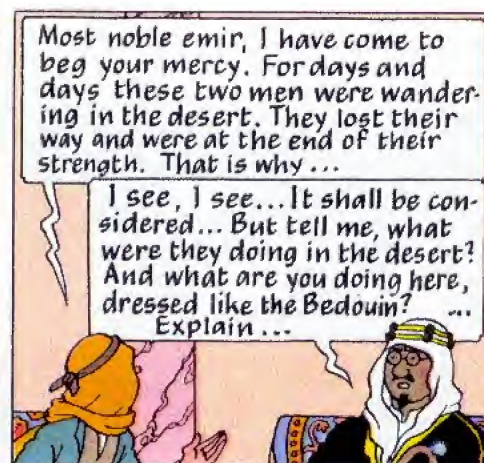
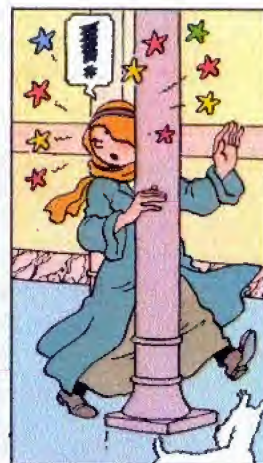
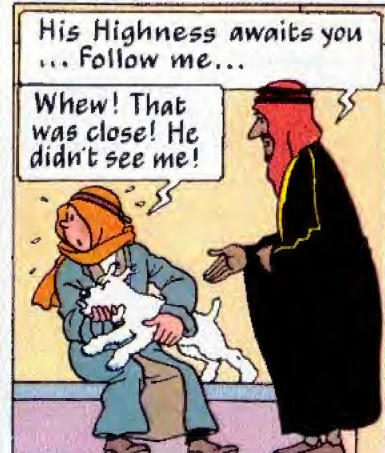
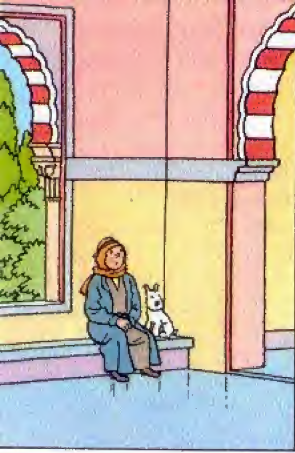
It's all over, Snowy... We're done for...

Heigh-ho! That's nice!









It's very simple: if I sign a contract with Skoil the attacks will cease immediately. So why do I refuse to sign Professor Smith's contract?

Yes, why, I wonder?



It is strange, I do not know why I am telling you all this... You are a stranger... I have no reason, but I trust you. So... Inch' Allah!... I refuse to sign the contract because I do not like Professor Smith and I do not like his Skoil Petroleum.

Oh?



But I have interrupted your story... You were telling how the saboteurs had blown up the pipeline.

They came running back and remounted their horses. I remained hidden behind the rocks... Suddenly...



Master!... Master!... Oh! Master!

What is it?... Who dares to disturb us?



Oh, Master! Master!... Your son!...

Well, Ali Ben Mahmud, what new prank is my little lamb playing this time?



Heaven grant that it is indeed a prank! Master, your son has disappeared!

Ha! ha! ha! ha!... Disappeared!... If you knew my son you would laugh as I do. He's the naughtiest young rascal anyone ever saw!... Every day he thinks up some new little wickedness... But come with me, you'll see for yourself...



He was in the garden, Master...

Yes, yes, Ali Ben Mahmud, calm yourself!



There's the little motor car I gave him last week... on his sixth birthday...



Abdullah!... Abdullah!... Where are you, my treasure?



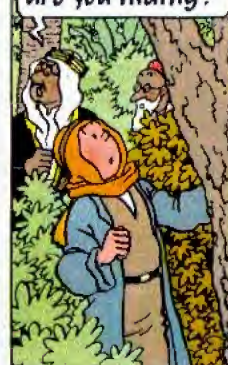
Abdullah!... Come out now, my little sugar plum!



Abdullah, my baby lamb-kin...



Abdullah!... Abdullah! Where are you hiding?



Abdullah, you little rascal, if you don't come at once Papa will be cross!



Excuse me, Highness, but does your son wear a blue robe?

A blue robe?... Abdullah?... No!... Why do you ask?

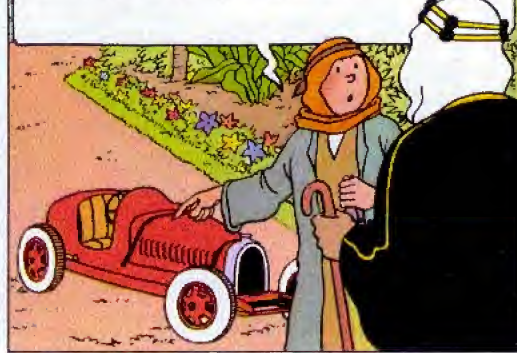


Here's a piece of blue cloth I just found, caught on a branch ... Under the tree are some very deep footmarks... Obviously someone was hiding in the tree, and then jumped to the ground...



Perhaps... Yes... But...

There's your son's motor car... It has been shoved to one side, as you can see from the tyre marks...



But I don't understand... What are you trying to say?



I hardly dare tell you, Highness... I fear the worst... Come with me... There will be other clues...



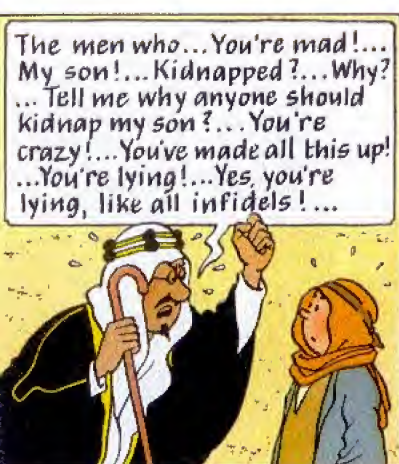
There! I knew it!... More footmarks!...



And here...and there ... And look! Marks on the wall! This is where they must have climbed over...



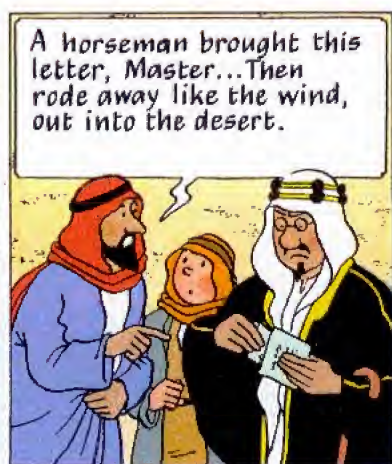
They?... Who? The men who kidnapped your son, Highness!



The men who...You're mad!... My son!...Kidnapped?...Why?... Tell me why anyone should kidnap my son?... You're crazy!...You've made all this up!...You're lying!...Yes, you're lying, like all infidels!...



Where is Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab? Over there, by the wall, with the stranger.



A horseman brought this letter, Master...Then rode away like the wind, out into the desert.



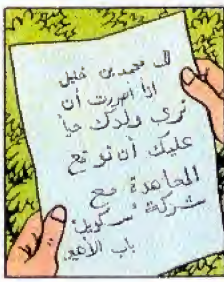
BY ALLAH!



It's unbelievable!...Here, read this letter...



?

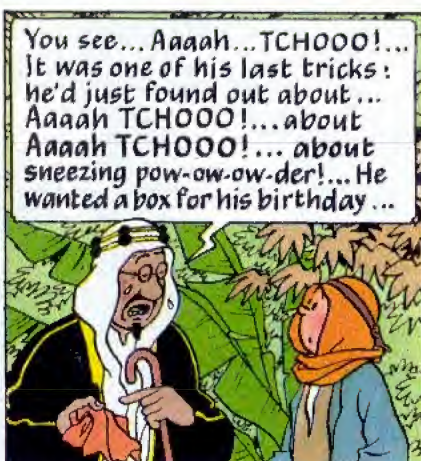
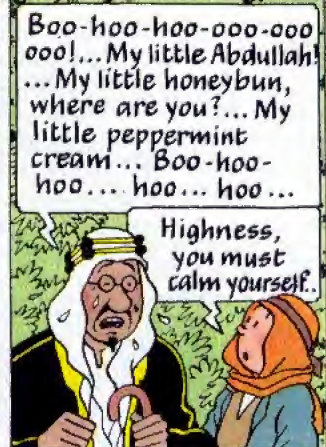
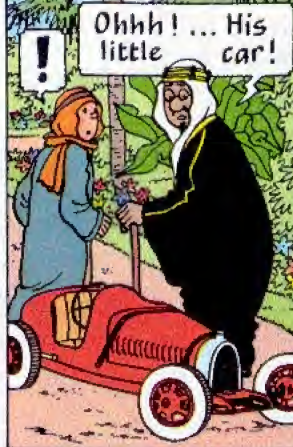


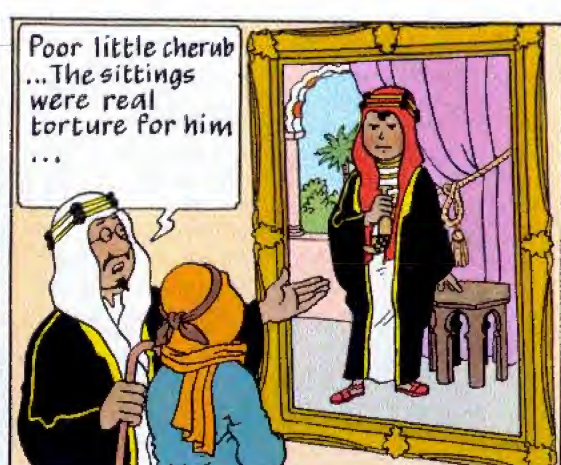
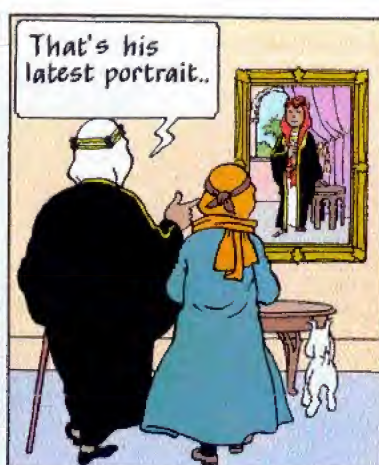
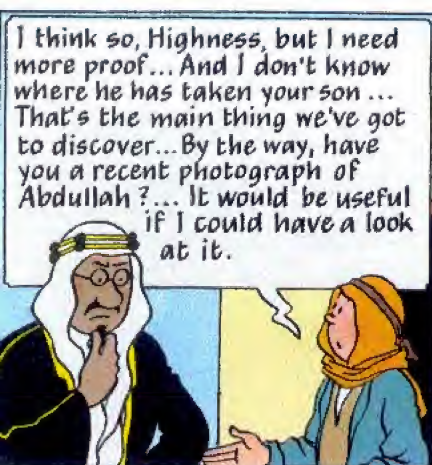
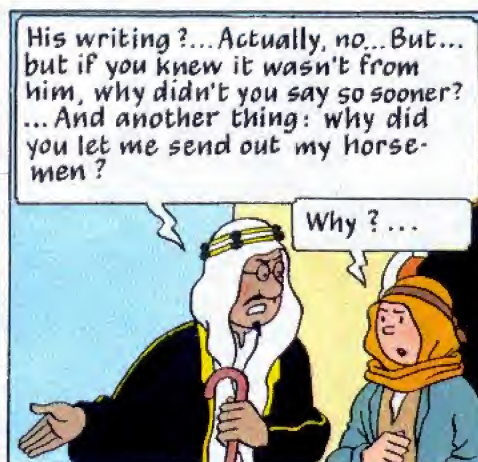
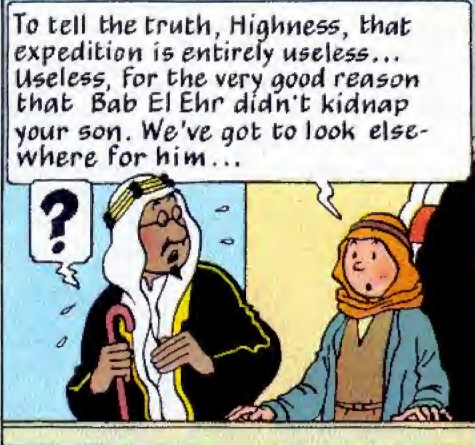
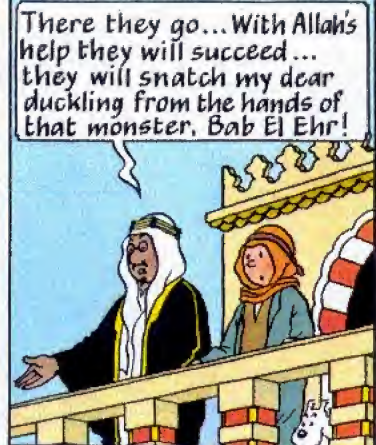
Excuse me, Highness ...it is in Arabic... Oh yes, I will translate for you...



"To Mohammed Ben Kalish Ezab... If you want to see your son again, throw Arabex out of Khemed." It's signed: Bab El Ehr.

Yes, it's what I would expect!





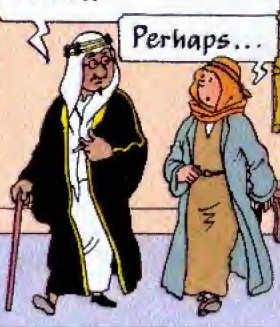
Another of his
founded tricks! ...
Now where did he
get that?



Well, he's certainly quite un-
mistakable! ... Now I must
start my search, Highness
... Could you fit me out with
some different clothes? ...
And I'd like some informat-
ion on Doctor Mül... I mean
Professor Smith.



Professor Smith?...
You think he can
help you find my
son?...



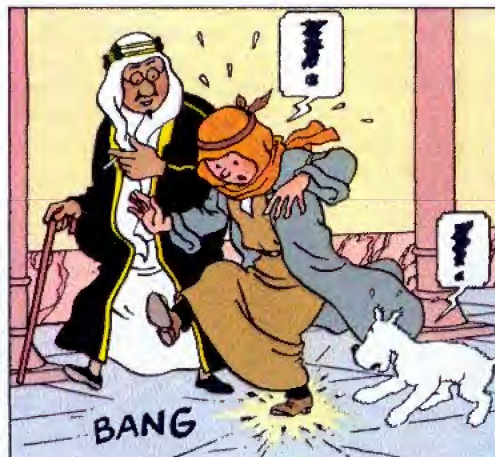
He's an archaeologist,
digging for remains of the
ancient civilisations that
once flourished in these
lands... At the same time
he acts as representative
for Skoil Petroleum.



Yes, in Wadesdah, my capital ...
about twenty miles from here,
on the coast. He lives in an enorm-
ous pal-... ace, perched like an
eagle's nest on the top of a
cliff.



I see...There's
just one
more thing...



BANG

Take no notice ... Just a cap...
Abdullah scattered them every-
where ... They lived things
up in the palace...



Oh?...
I see.

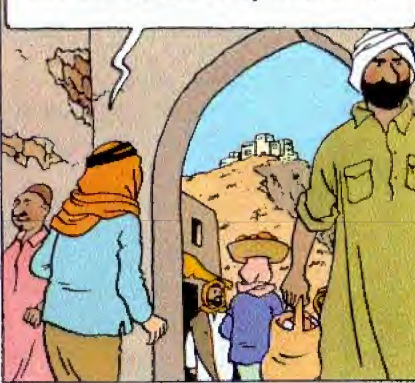
Where was I?...Oh, yes...The two friends
I mentioned...I have a great favour to
ask on their behalf: please treat them
as your honoured guests. Lavish every
comfort upon them; take every pos-
sible care of them... But if you want
me to find your son, for pity's
sake don't allow them out of
the palace on any pretext
what-soever.



Next morning, in Wadesdah...



That must be Professor
Smith's palace, up there ...



ATCHOO!

A cold?... Or sneezing powder?
I'd better follow.



ATCHOO!



?

تفضل

صباح
الخير

Great snakes! It's Senhor Oliveira da Figueira! (1)



تفضل سيدي
عندي كل ما تريد
وباشمان رخيصة

What a salesman!
Just the same!
He's persuaded
that man to buy
a pair of roller-
skates!



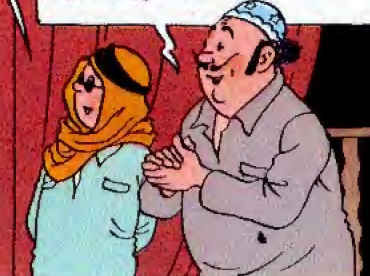
انا تحت امركم

مع السلامة
ATCHOO!..



Nasty cold, eh?

Yes, a sudden epidemic
... started this morning
among Professor Smith's
servants...



But come in, come in,
honoured sir... Absolu-
tely no obligation ...
But I'm sure you'll
find a little something
you need once you're
inside my shop ...



To tell the truth, Senhor
Oliveira, I don't need anything
... But I'm delighted to see
you... Do you remember me?

Tintin!... Espléndido!...
What a wonderful sur-
prise!... This calls for a
celebration!



Si!... Si!... You must take
a glass of wine with me...
Some fine Portuguese
rosé ... My country's
bottled sunshine!



Now, what brings
you to this god-
forsaken land!



Well... I... I... er... I'm interest-
ed in archaeology...

Ah, like Professor Smith...



Exactly... You seem to know him.
Tell me, what's he like? A pleasant
sort of fellow?

To be honest, no; decidedly
not. He's tough, and cruel,
and ...



BING
ZZING
CRACK
BUMP



There's a
mousetrap in
the cupboard,
but it sounds
as if we've
caught a full-
grown rat!





All right ?

There...yes...a big mouse for a small trap!



Excuse me... A customer ... I'll be back in a moment.

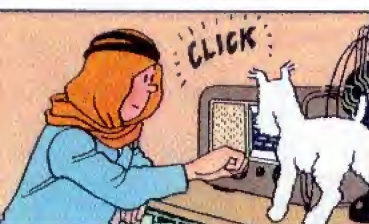
Please don't worry ... I'll clean up the mess while you're gone.



You see what happens to Nosey Parkers!



There, all tidied up... Hello, a radio. I wonder if I can get any news ?



CLICK



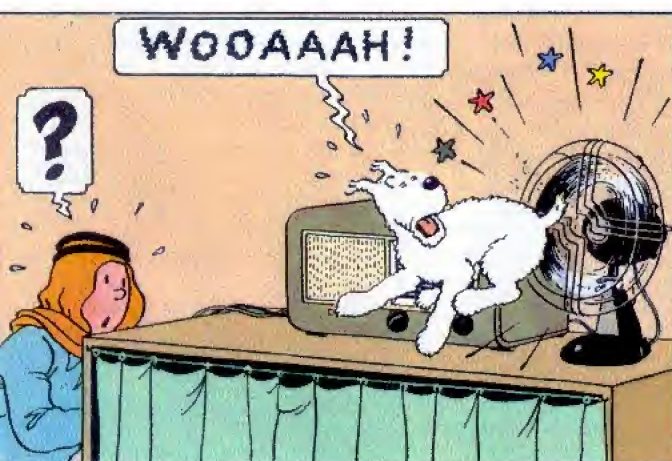
What's the matter ? ... Dead?... It doesn't even light up...



Oh, I see. The plug isn't connected.



There, it should work now.



WOOAAAH!

?



The wrong plug! Let's try this one...



Now...



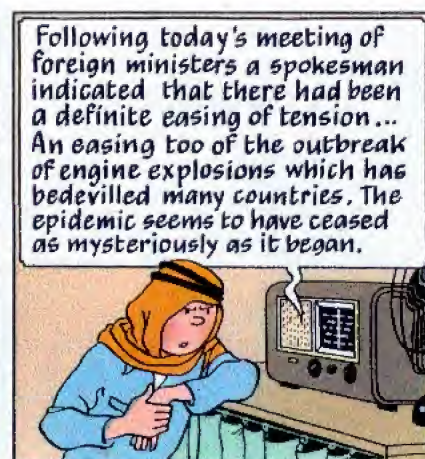
Ah! My beauty past compare ...
These jewels bright ...



... I wear ... Was I ever Margarita? Come, reply...



WHEET... CRACK... CRR ...
dernières nouvelles d'Europe ... CRR ...
AA?... AA?...
HNET! ... HNET... CRR...
The European news service...



Following today's meeting of foreign ministers a spokesman indicated that there had been a definite easing of tension... An easing too of the outbreak of engine explosions which has bedevilled many countries. The epidemic seems to have ceased as mysteriously as it began.



In a statement, Mr. Peter Barrett, Head of the Fuel Research Division of the Ministry of Transport, told our reporter he had nothing to say, except that his department's investigations were continuing...

Here we are... Ah, you're listening to the news...



Now, what were we talking about?

About Professor Smith. You were saying that he isn't particularly likeable.



That's true... But he's extremely rich, and I'm his main supplier... So you see... My customers include all the top people in the area... At least, not quite all... Not the emir, alas!... What a man!... One of the best!... Which is more than can be said for his nasty little son... A real pest, young Prince Abdullah!... But you won't have heard: he's just been kidnapped!



Look here, Senhor Oliveira, would you like to be appointed official supplier to the Emir Ben Kalish Ezab?

Would I like it?... Of course!... It would be the crowning glory of my career... But... what would I have to do?



Help me recover Prince Abdullah... To do that, smuggle me into Professor Smith's house...

Professor Smith... What for?... Well, if you like... It's quite easy... I go there each morning...



The next morning...

Salaam aleikum, Murad!
Aleikum sala... Tchoo!!



Who is the young stranger?
My nephew Alvaro... I want him to meet the palace servants.



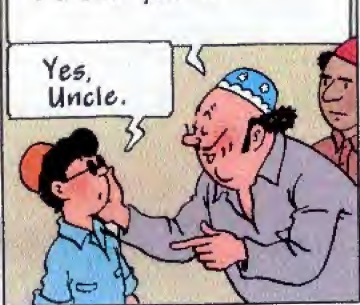
My friends, let me introduce my nephew Alvaro, just arrived from Portugal... He's an orphan, poor lad... I've taken him into my family...



Just between ourselves he's a little... well... a bit simple... Not surprising after what's happened to him... A dreadful story... Just imagine, his father, who was a well-known snail-farmer... Excuse me, just a minute...



Be a good boy, Alvaro... While I'm busy with the gentlemen, you run and play in the garden... I'll call you...

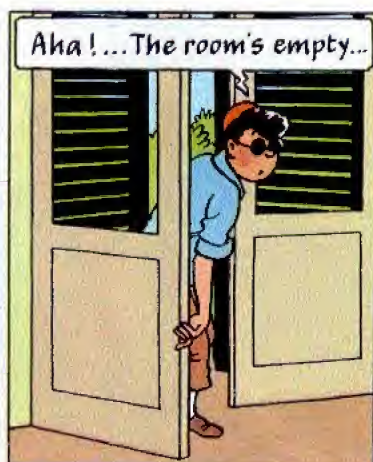
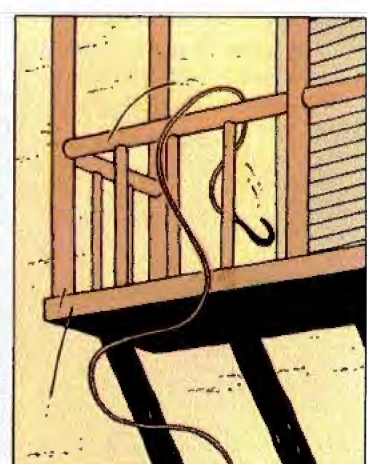
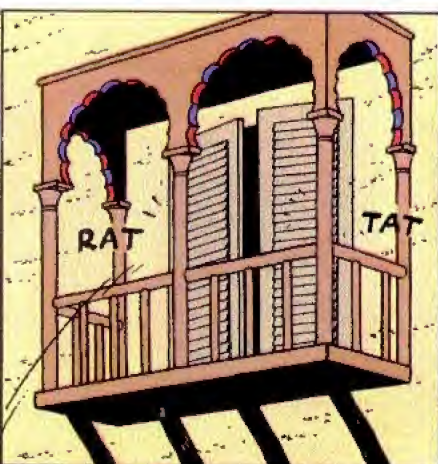


But listen carefully, Alvaro... Don't make a noise. Professor Smith is working in his study upstairs. You're not to disturb him...



That's fine... He'll keep them safely occupied with one of his endless stories... but I mustn't waste time...





The key's in the door... And the door's locked from the inside!... But there's no-one here... It doesn't make sense...



I'll work that out later... First, let's have a look at the papers on his desk...



What's in this folder?



Hello... A file of newspaper cuttings...



SCIENTIST BAFFLED
MORE PETROL BLASTS
by our Motoring Correspondent
WORLD'S AIRCRAFT GROUNDED
LONDON, Monday
Heathrow Airport stands today. Airline companies deplore the BOA and spokesmen have passed.
FUEL MYSTERY
What's gone wrong with our petrol?
An outbreak of mysterious automobile explosions is terrorising the world's capitals. Car engines have started up without warning.

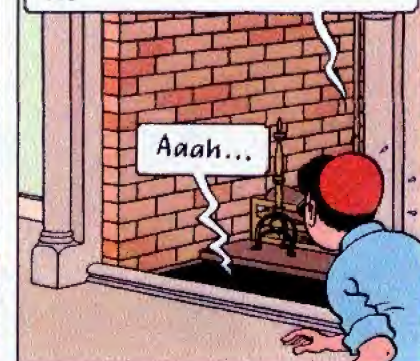
Now why should Dr. Müller be interested in that petrol mystery? ... I wonder if ...



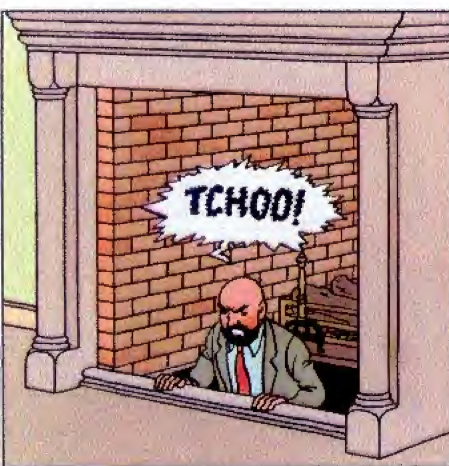
ATCHOO!



Great snakes! The hearth is opening! ... I must hide!



TCHOO!



What's he doing in that corner?... Ah, I see... That's where a secret button for the trapdoor must be hidden.



Aaah... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Aaah... TCHOO! ... Ach, that little pest! ...



Lucky I persuaded him to swap his confounded box of sneezing powder for a pair of roller-skates...



There... I'll burn it in a minute...

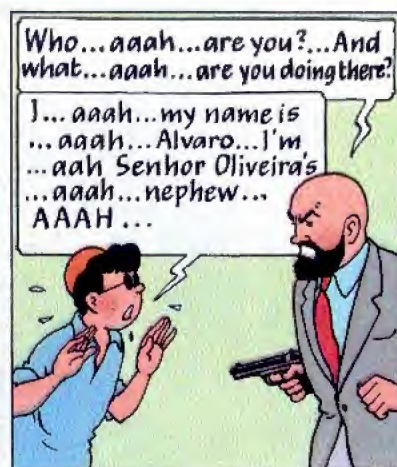
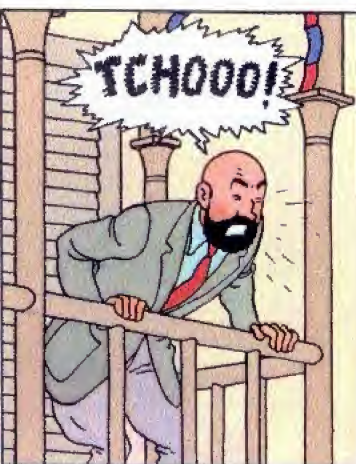
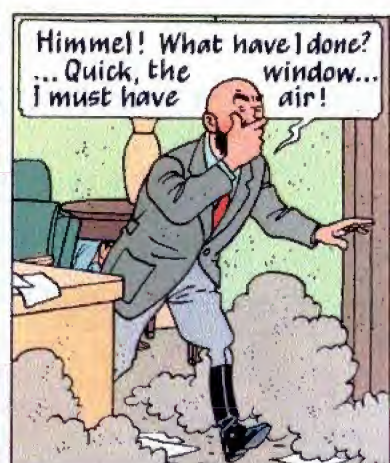
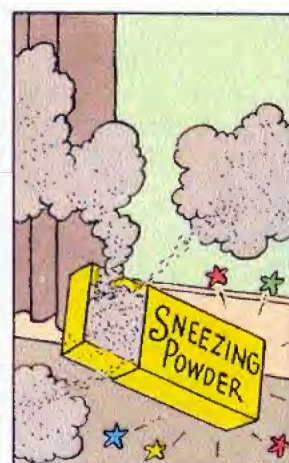
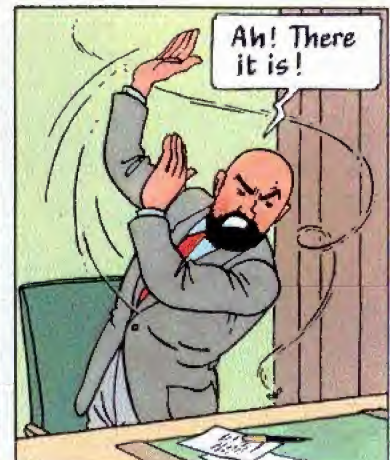


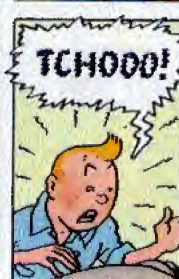
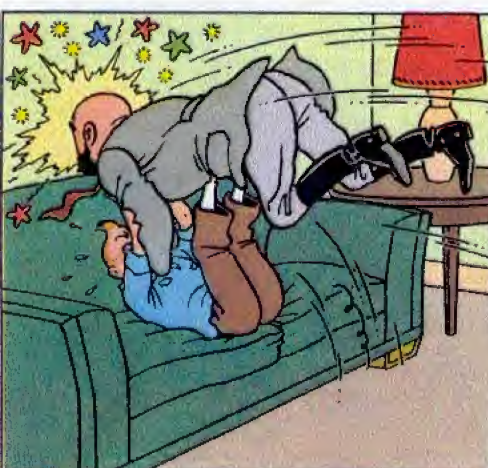
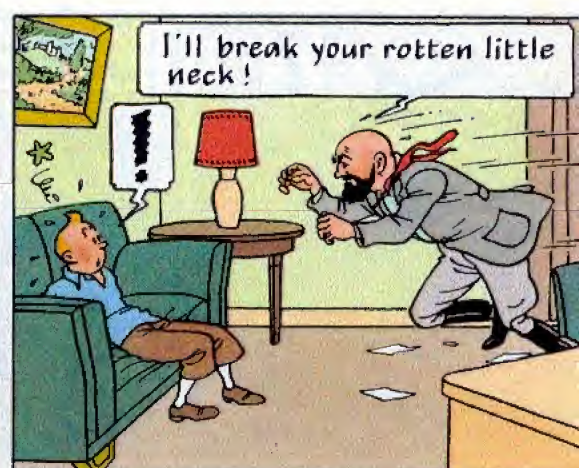
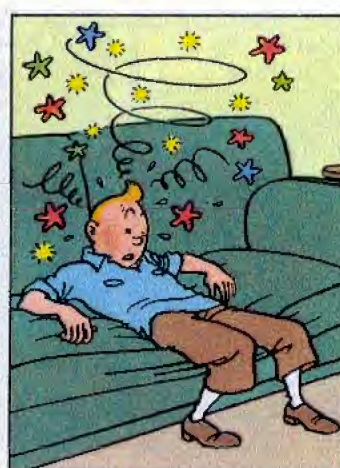
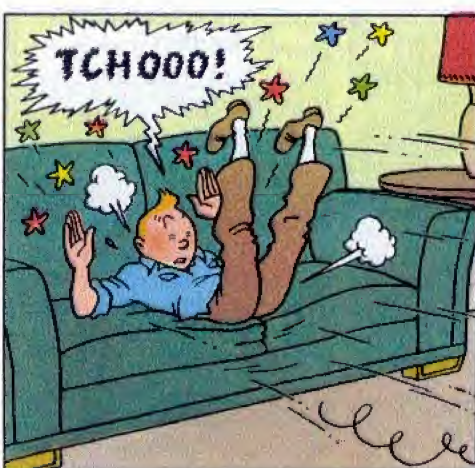
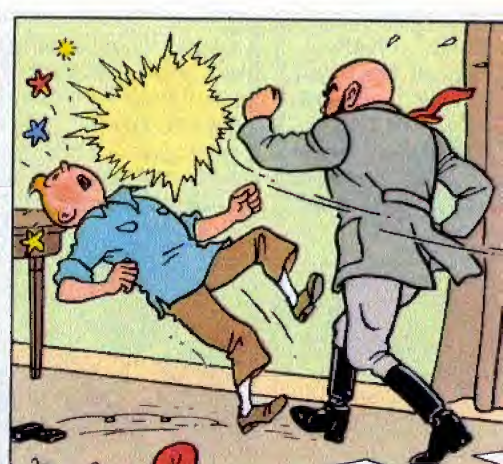
Drat! He's starting to write!



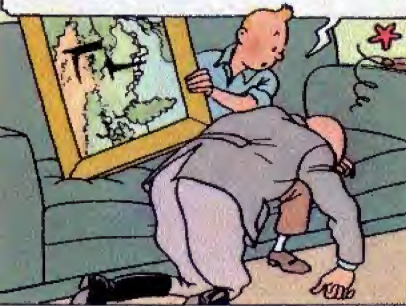
Let's hope he won't be long... I'm beginning to get pins and needles...







Whew! Saved again! He's still out cold... Quick, I must tie him up, gag him, hide him somewhere... and telephone to the emir...

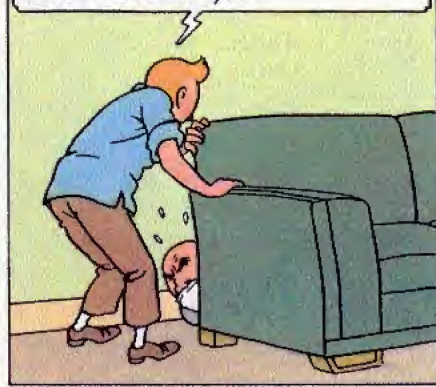


Meanwhile, in the kitchen...

...Alas! The poor woman never got over it. She died of grief and shame, at the age of ninety-seven. Her husband, broken-hearted, soon followed her to the grave. But that wasn't the end of the terrible tragedies this unhappy family had to suffer... One day, their son



There, Doctor Müller... That's taken care of you!



Hello?... Hello?... Is that the royal palace?... I want to speak to His Highness... Tintin... Hello? is that you, Highness?



Tintin?... Yes... Where are you?... With Professor Smith?... What?... My son there?... A prisoner?... What's that you say?... What?... Oh! You sneezed! Bless you!



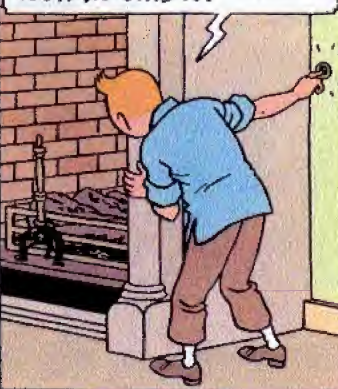
You must send men to Wadesdah... Have the palace surrounded... Meanwhile, I'll try to rescue the prince...



I can't say I like these toys, but this time I'd better be armed.



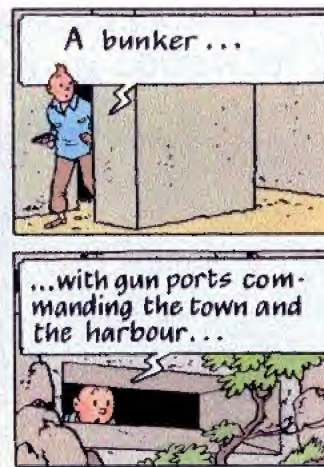
Now let's have a closer look at this...



Concrete tunnels! An underground fortress...



What's this?



A bunker...

...with gun ports commanding the town and the harbour...



Crumbs! What a place!... A real Maginot Line!

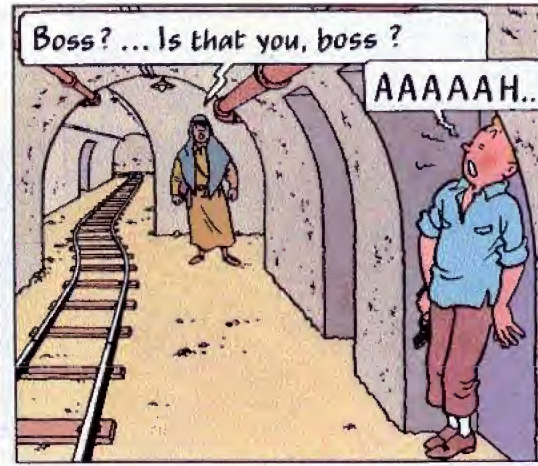


AAAAH...

TCHOO!



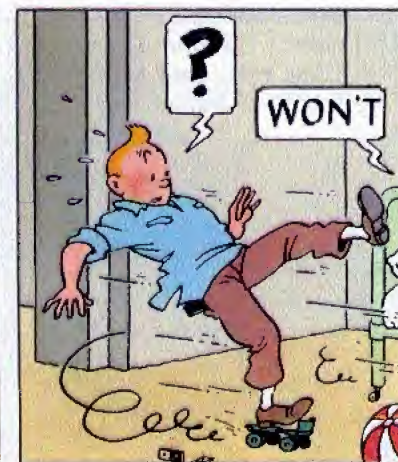
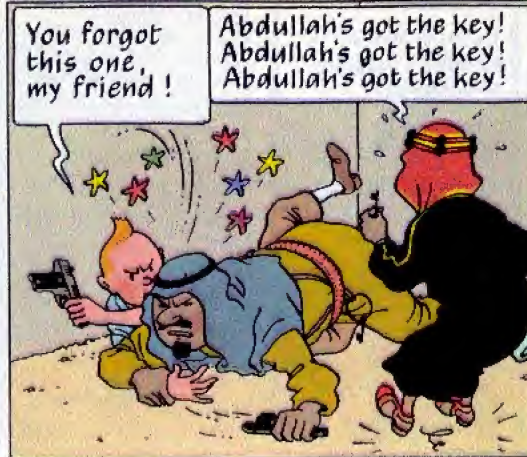
Is that you, boss?

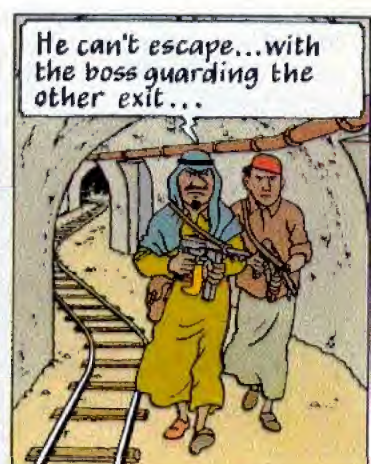
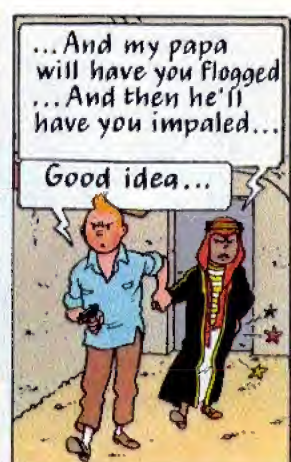
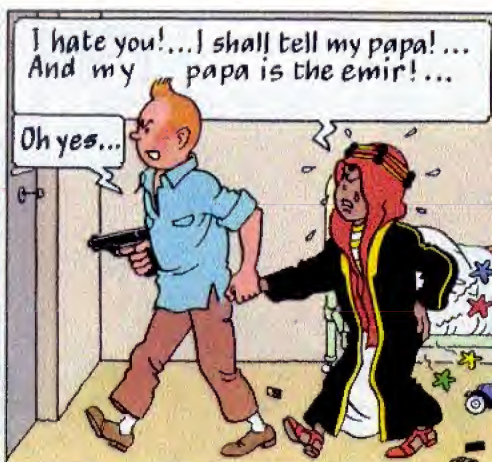
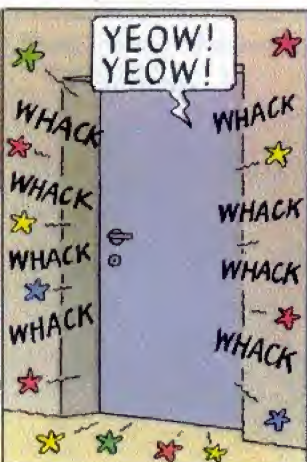
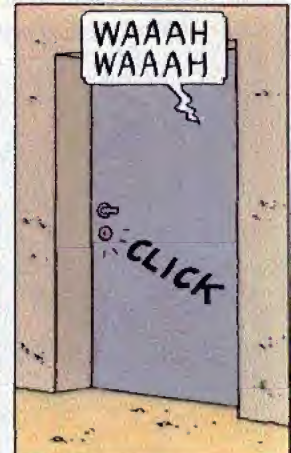
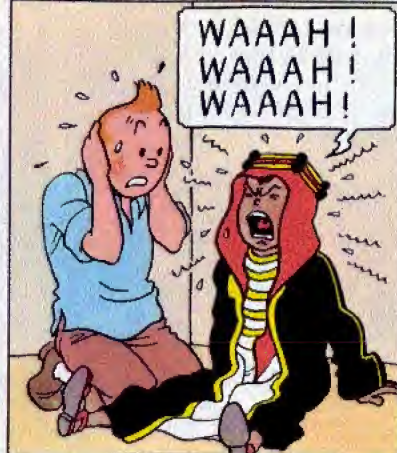


Boss?... Is that you, boss?

AAAAAH...









Poor Tintin! What will become of him?



Hello, what's that?... It can't be... Why, yes, it's Snowy!



But we left him shut up in my house... How did he manage to get out?



Snowy! ... Here, Snowy!



Meanwhile...

Ooh! Look! Over there... Rails! Rails to play trains with!

Yes, railway lines... But you can play later...



No! ... Now! ... I want to play trains!

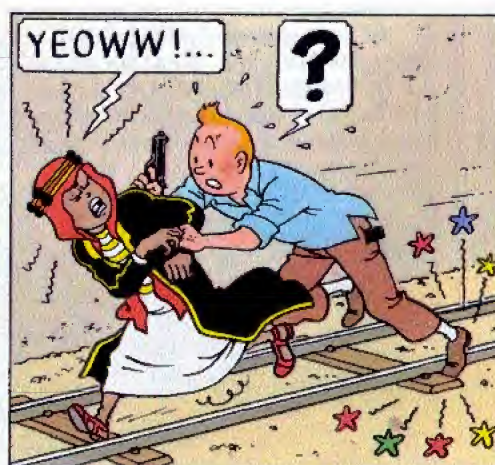


Chuff-chuff chuff-chuff ...
Abdullah!



Abdullah! ... Stop that! ... Come here!

YEOWW!...



YEOWW!...

?



Chuff - chuff
chuff - chuff ...



Abdullah! ... For heaven's sake, come back!

TOOOOT!

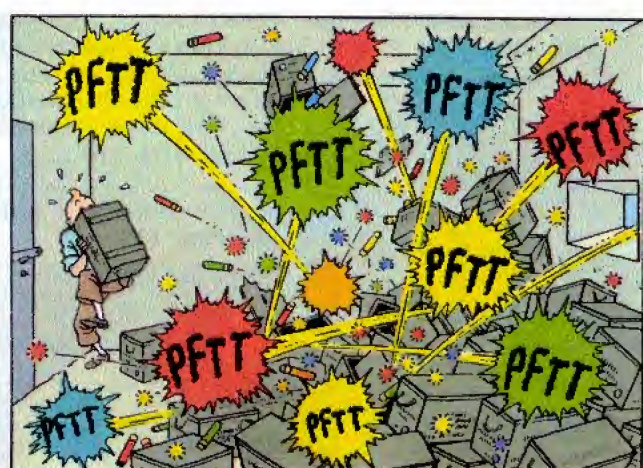
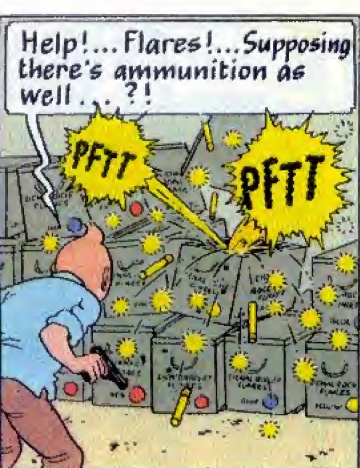
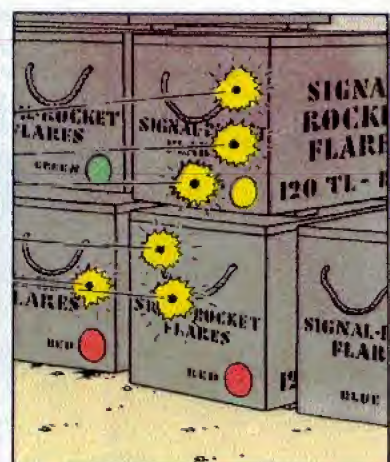
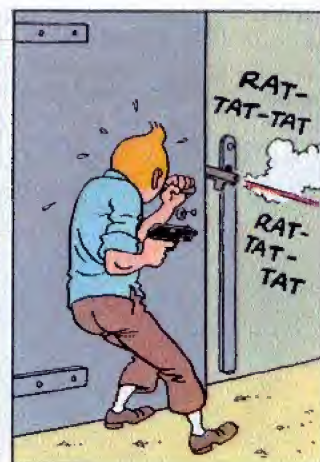
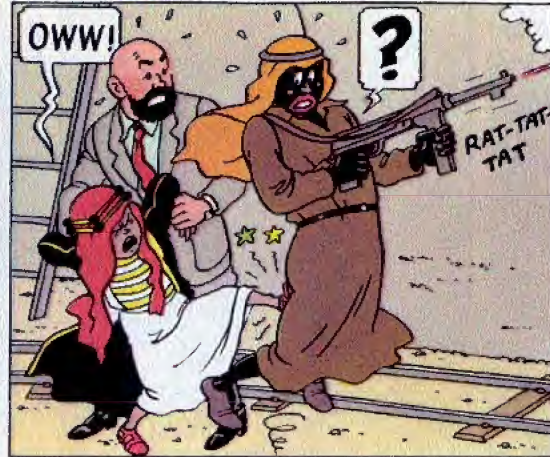
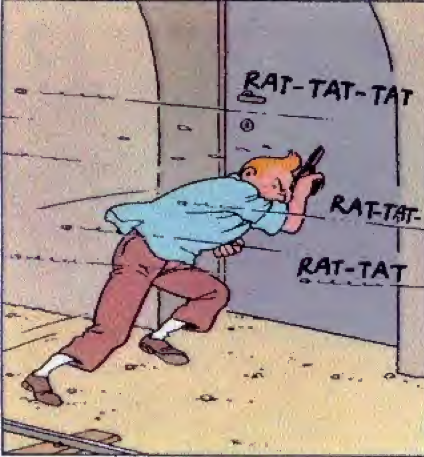


Get him, Abdul!

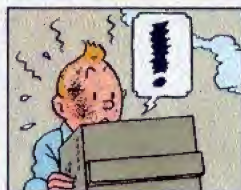


YEOWW!

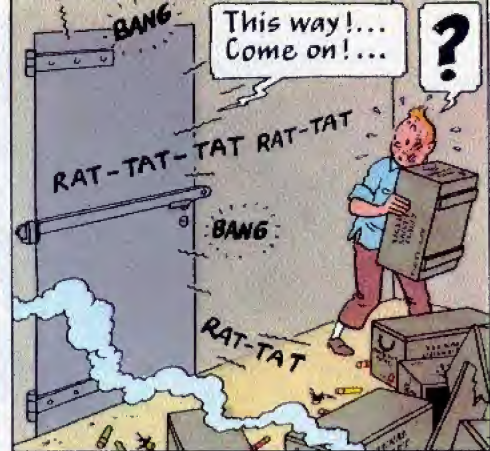
RAT TAT
TAT TAT TAT
RAT TAT



Seems to be
calming down...

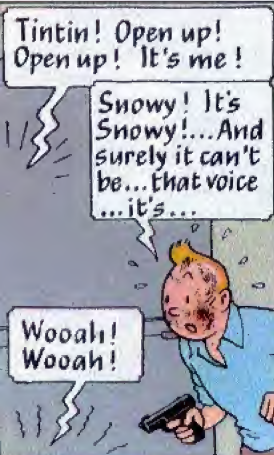


That all?



This way!...
Come on!...

?



Tintin! Open up!
Open up! It's me!

Snowy! It's
Snowy!... And
surely it can't
be... that voice
...it's...

Woah!
Woah!



Found you!
Hooray!

Captain
Haddock!
...And dear
old Snowy!



That's a friendly wel-
come, I must say!

Out! Quick! It's
starting again!

PFTT

PFTT



All in the bag!... That's ter-
rific!... How did you manage
it?... And what are you do-
ing here anyway, Captain?



Well, I'll tell you... It's
like this ... Just
imagine ...

Sorry, Captain...
First, have they
found the emir's
son?



I don't know... I haven't
seen him... At least,
not since I got here...

Quick!... Quick!
We must look...

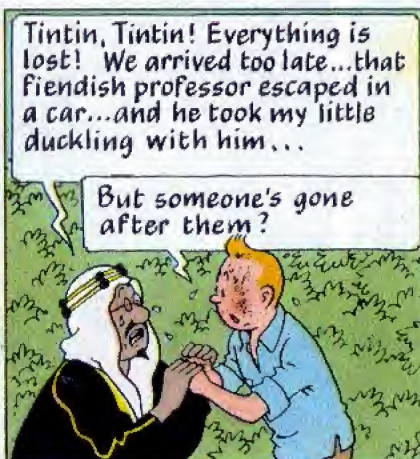


Is the emir there?

Yes, he was
just now... I
was going
to tell you
...



There!



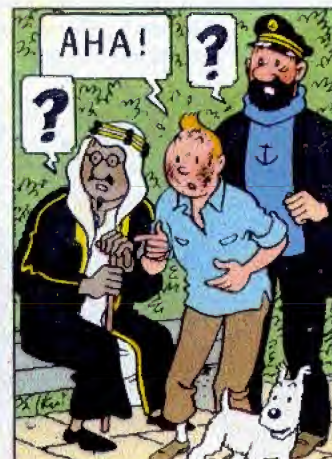
Tintin, Tintin! Everything is
lost! We arrived too late... that
fiendish professor escaped in
a car... and he took my little
duckling with him...

But someone's gone
after them?



Yes, yes, of course...
My horsemen are in hot
pursuit... And your two
friends with mous-
taches... in a jeep...

Oh dear! In
that case...

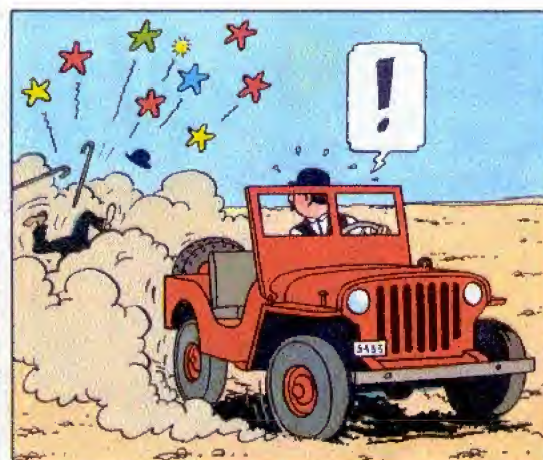
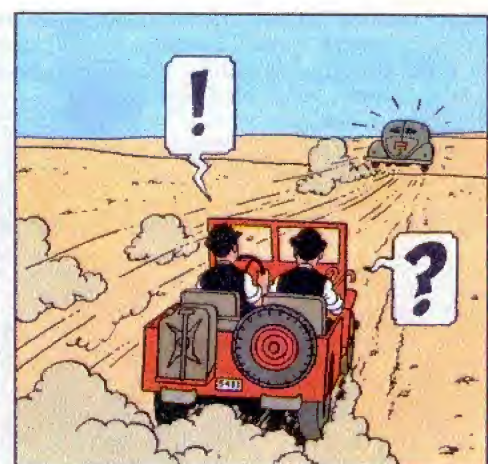
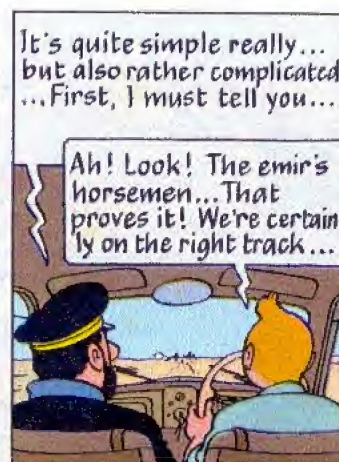
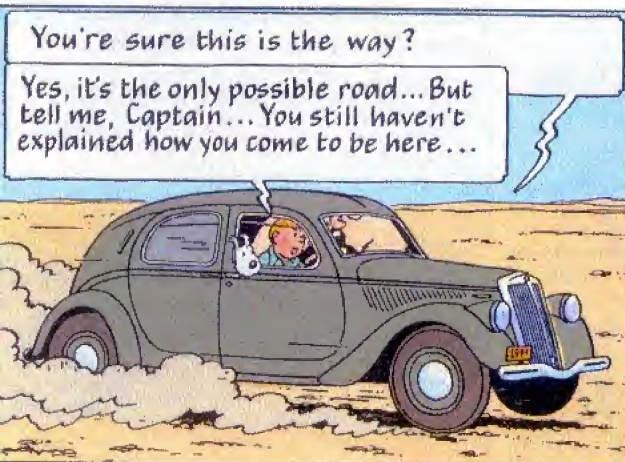
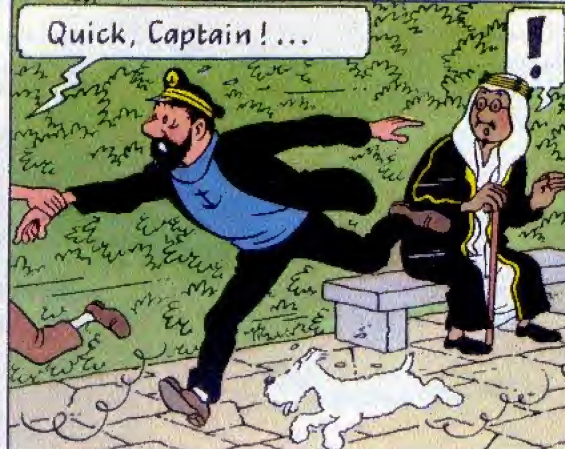


AHA!

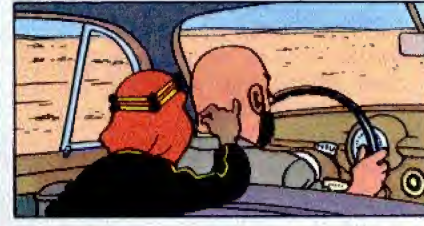
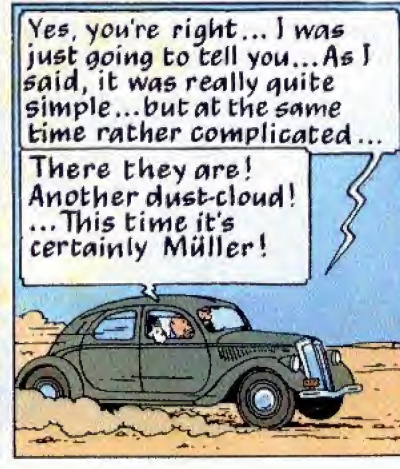
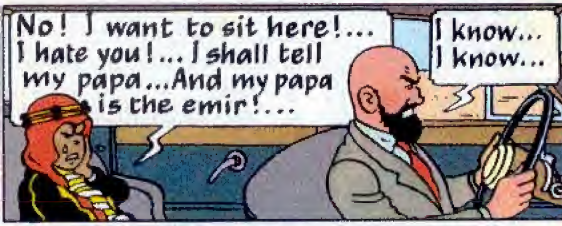
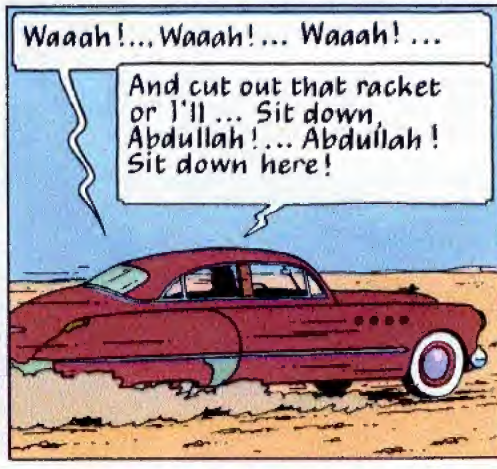
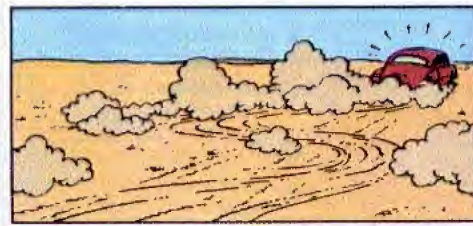
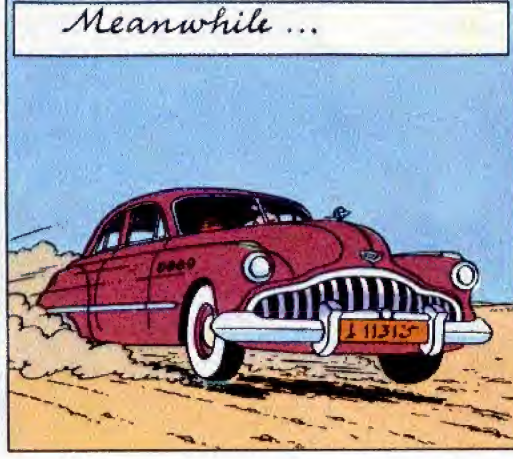
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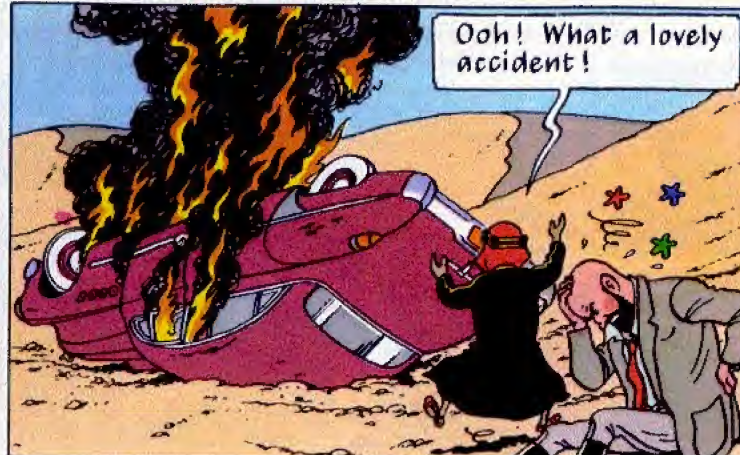
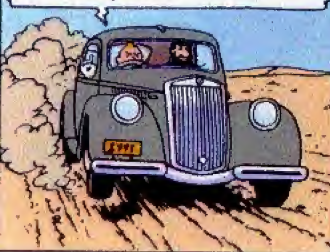
?



Moving? ... Were we moving? ... Oh, now I see... It must have been that other car... It passed us so fast I thought we were standing still ...



Look at their tracks!
... Müller must have
lost control of the car...
it went over, and
caught fire... Let's hope
nothing's happened
to the prince ...



Ooh! What a lovely
accident!

Can we have
another one?

Ssh!... A car's
stopping...
Doors banging
... Wait! ...



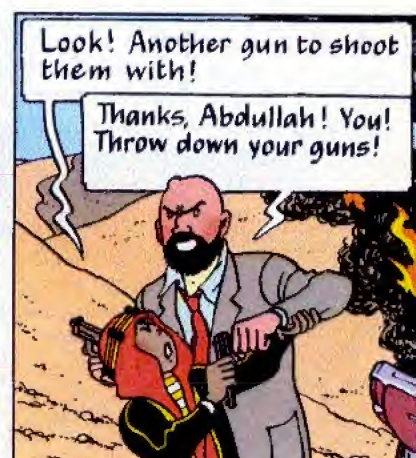
All right, Müller... We've got you!

Aha! I've got a score
to settle with him!



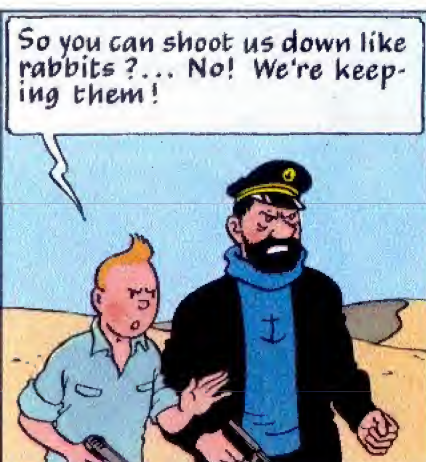
Got me? ... Not yet!...
Take one more step
and I'll shoot the boy!

Whoopee! Just
like a real gang-
ster film!

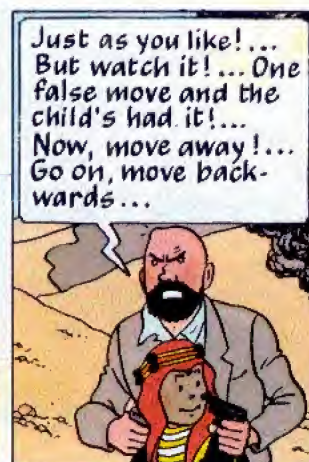


Look! Another gun to shoot
them with!

Thanks, Abdullah! You!
Throw down your guns!



So you can shoot us down like
rabbits?... No! We're keep-
ing them!



Just as you like! ...
But watch it! ... One
false move and the
child's had it!...
Now, move away!...
Go on, move back-
wards...



Aha! ... Excellent! ... Another car ready and
waiting! ... Go on! Keep moving back!

Ooh! Papa's car! That's Papa's car!
Are we going to play another accident?



Get inside, you!
And keep your
mouth shut!



Waaah!...
Waaah!



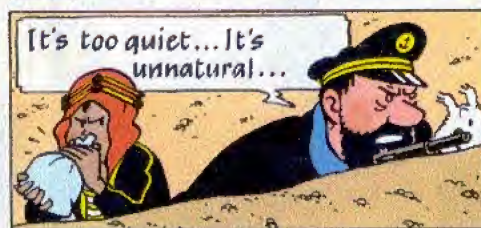
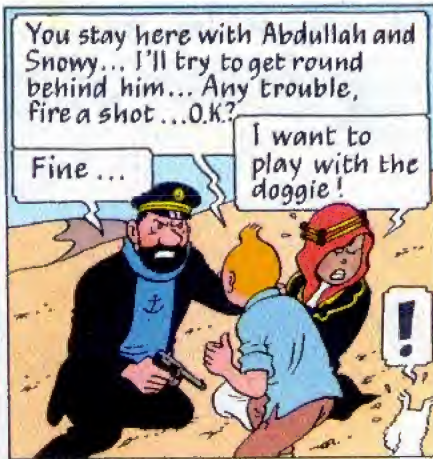
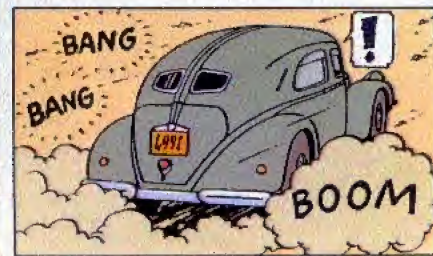
All right ... One bullet at
the car when I go and
I'll wring this repulsive
little monkey's neck!...
Understand?... So, auf
wiedersehen!

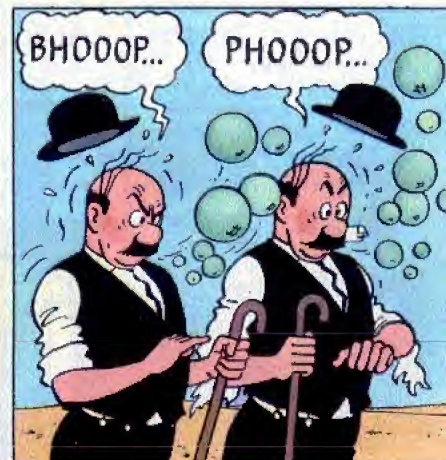
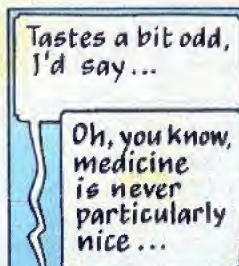
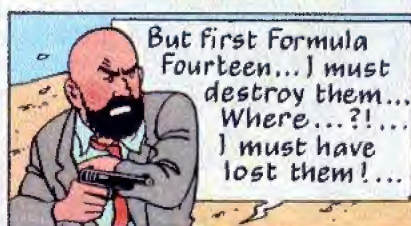
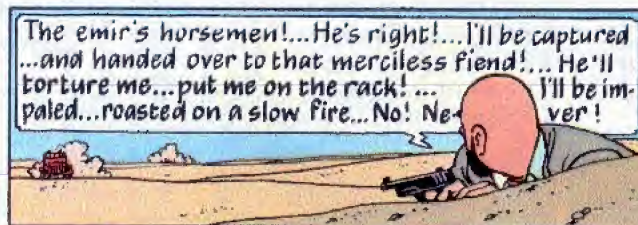
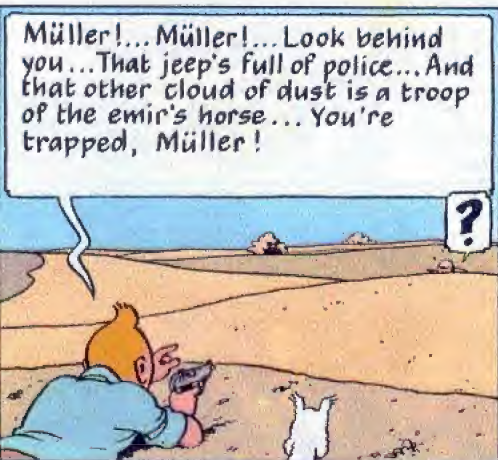
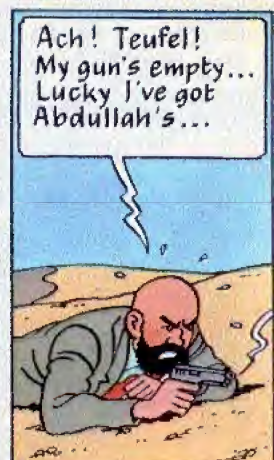
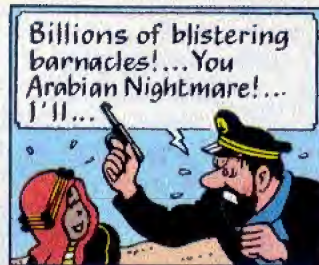
Waaah!
Waaah!



Beast! ... Baby-snatcher!...
Brigand! ... Baboon!...
Belemnite! ... Bully!...
Bougainvillea! ... Bashi-bazouk!

Waaah!

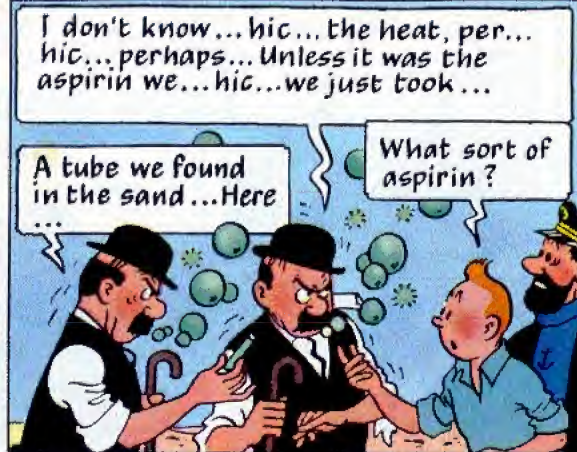






Blistering barnacles! ... Look at the two Thompsons!

Crumbs! Whatever's happened to them?



I don't know... hic... the heat, per... hic... perhaps... Unless it was the aspirin we... hic... we just took ...

A tube we found in the sand ... Here ...

What sort of aspirin?

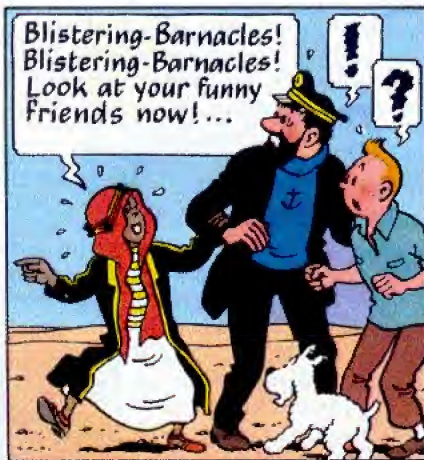


I don't understand ... It seems real enough... But let's take a look at the contents...



Strange... the tablets have the maker's mark, all right... It's extraordinary ...

I agree, it's very odd ...



Blistering-Barnacles! Blistering-Barnacles! Look at your funny friends now! ...

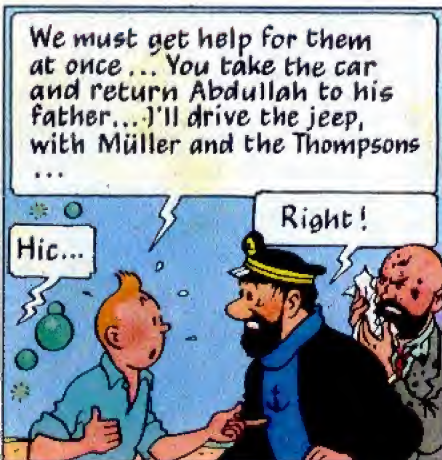


Captain! Captain! ... How awful!

Er... I... hic... Feel rather peculiar!

Er... to be pre... hic... Me too!

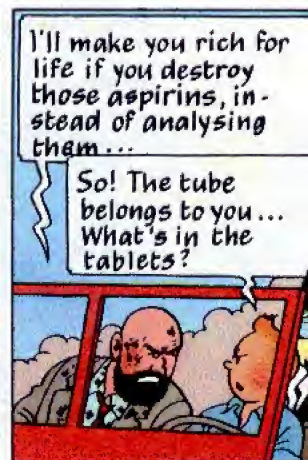
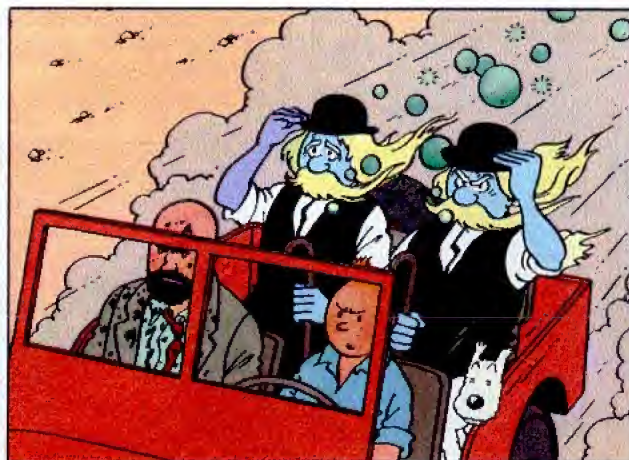
Do it again, thundering barnacles!



We must get help for them at once ... You take the car and return Abdullah to his father... I'll drive the jeep, with Müller and the Thompsons ...

Right!

Hic...



I'll make you rich for life if you destroy those aspirins, instead of analysing them...

So! The tube belongs to you... What's in the tablets?



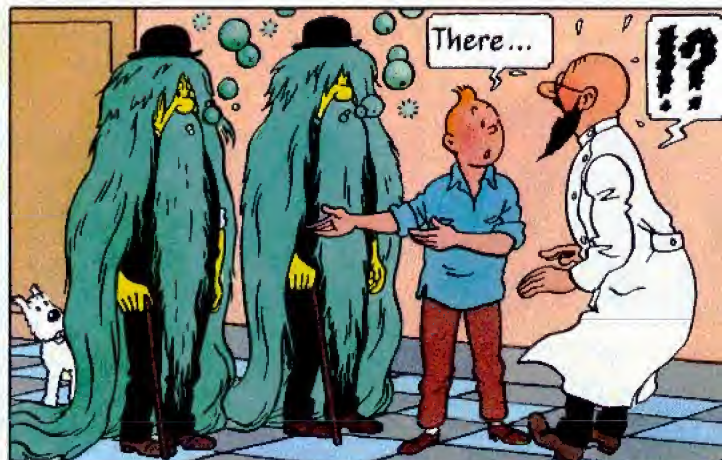
Why worry?... Destroy them and your fortune's made!

No thank you, Doctor Müller... I'm not interested.



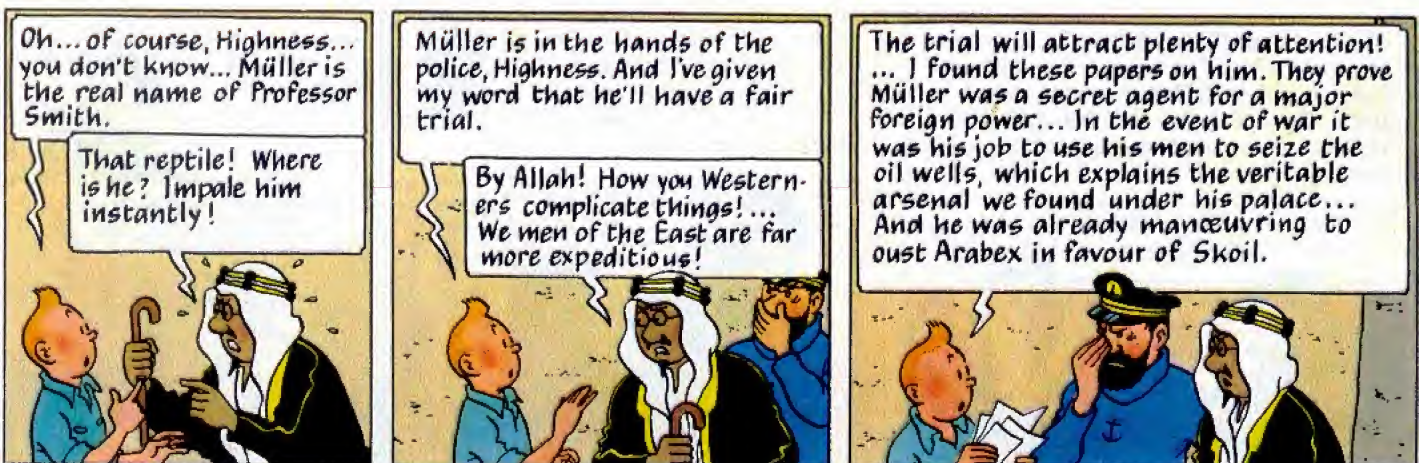
At Wadesdah Hospital, two hours later...

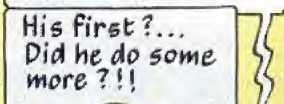
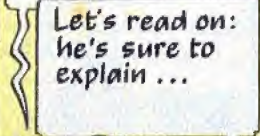
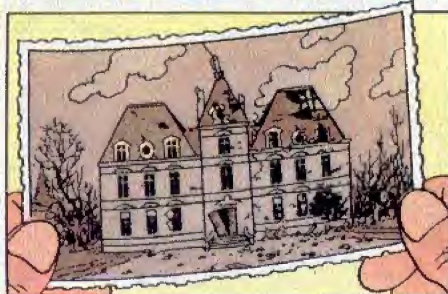
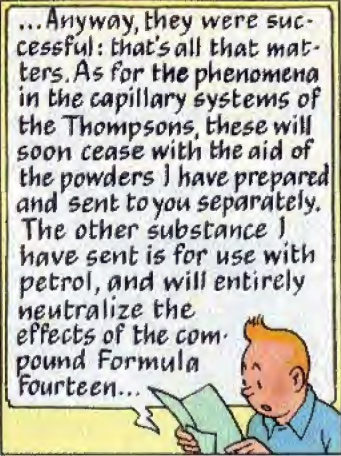
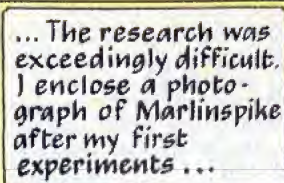
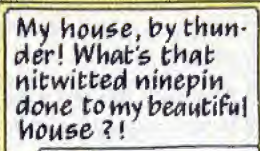
Doctor, doctor! Come quickly! Two extraordinary cases! ...



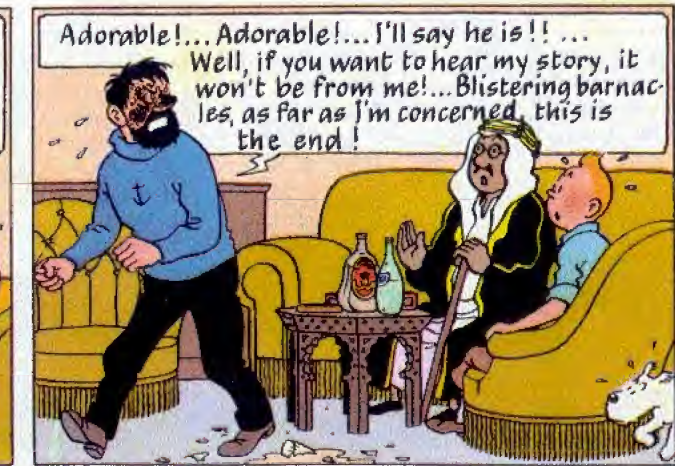
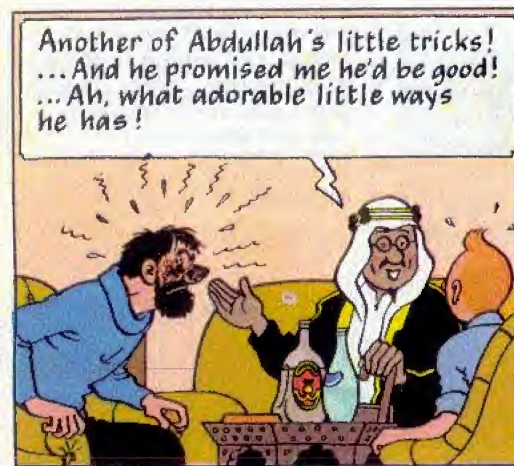
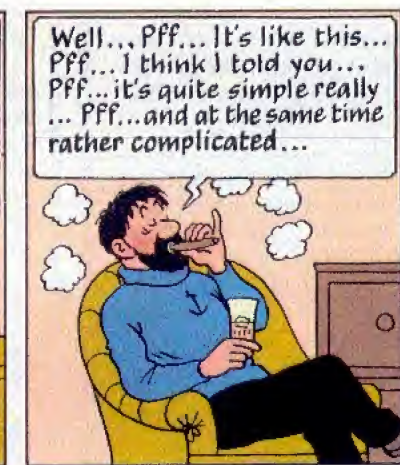
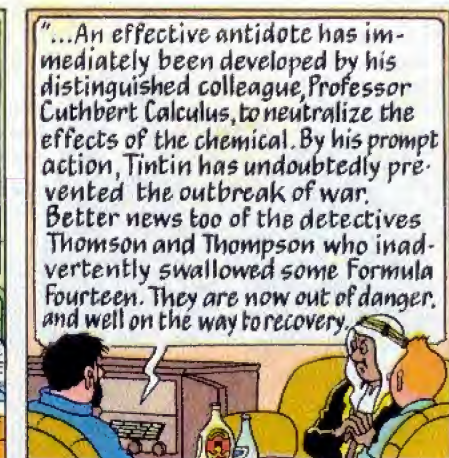
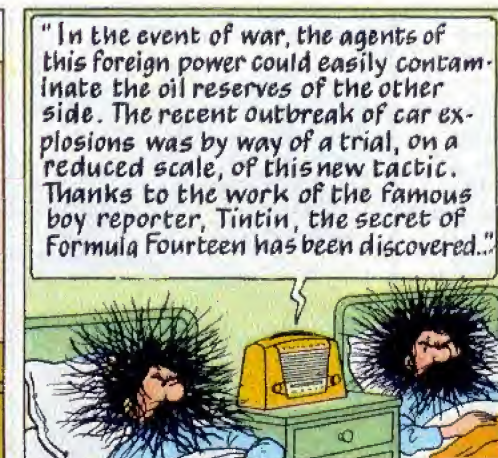
There...

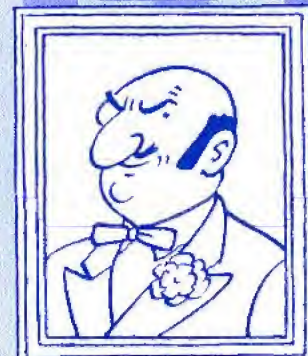
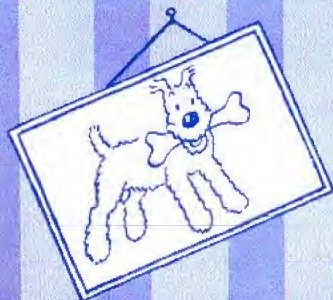
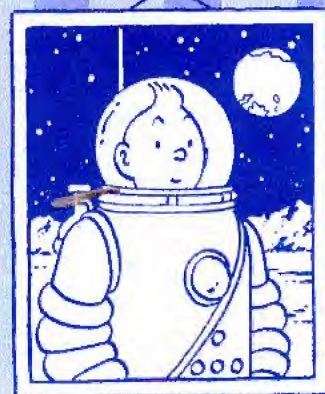
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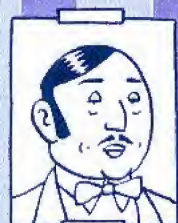





Some weeks later...









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LAND OF BLACK GOLD

Who is trying to sabotage European supplies of petrol, and why? An international situation develops which threatens to result in war unless the saboteurs can be brought to justice. Tintin is called in, and he and Snowy are soon following the tracks of the evil and dangerous plotters to the deserts and towns of the Middle East, where their efforts to find them are complicated by hazards difficult even by Tintin's standards . . .

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